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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF CLERICAL LIFE.

NO. I. THE PEACE SERMONS.

I know not but that I must regard myself as peculiarly unfortunate in my constitutional temperament, or in my mental development. For it seems to me that I am continually making blunders in my ministerial course; that I am often mistaken in my choice of subjects, in my selection of the times where to speak of them, or in my mode of treating them. My ministerial trials, on this account, have been many and great. There is one trial of this kind, in particular, which caused me much unhappiness at the time, and which I shall not soon forget. I speak of the trials to which I was subjected, in consequence of preaching upon the subject of Peace.

There is no one view of my Savior, which has more deeply affected my own heart, than that suggested by his title, *Prince of Peace.*—I have often dwelt, in lonely musing, upon the Prophetic description of the times of the Savior, as the period when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, and when nations shall learn war no more." I have meditated upon the Angelic song, with which the annunciation of the birth of the Savior was accompanied, by the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest, and *on earth peace and good will to men.*" I have delighted to muse upon the instructions of our Savior, teaching us when smitten on one cheek to suppress all angry feeling and turn the other to the smiter, to forgive, even to seventy times seven, —to pray for and to do good to those who ill-treat and injure us. In short, I had studied the New Testament in special reference to this subject until I had become perfectly satisfied that the spirit of war and the practice of war were utterly inconsistent with the spirit and principles of the Gospel. Under the influence of these convictions, I sincerely asked, at the hands of conscience, what was my duty, as a christian minister, as an ambassador of the Prince of Peace. The result of this enquiry was that I felt it to be my duty, and a duty to which I felt myself under the most solemn obligations to perform faithfully and earnestly, to preach upon the subject and to show that it was the solemn duty of all Christians to avoid every thing, which might encourage the practice of war, and to do all in their power to secure permanent and universal peace. Having arrived at this conclusion, I queried as to the most appropriate time to speak upon such a subject. For I was unwilling to strengthen what I supposed to be the wrong prejudices of the community, upon so important a subject, by bringing it forward at an unappropriate time. Upon this question, therefore, I thought long and carefully. It was a time of peace and I concluded that it was, on that account, a favorable time to speak upon the subject of peace, inasmuch as my hearers would be free from any excited feelings or strong political prejudices, to prevent them from hearing candidly, weighing carefully and judging correctly, the remarks I might offer. I therefore preached upon the subject of Peace, in as calm and kind a manner as I was able. I denounced no one, used no bitter or harsh language, but simply brought forward the plain instructions of the Savior, and endeavored to show that the spirit and practice of war were utterly inconsistent with them.

Upon leaving the house of worship, one of my hearers, and one whom I had regarded as among my warmest and best friends, Col. H., accosted me somewhat roughly, as follows.

"Well, Parson, I am sorry, very sorry that you are falling into these fanatical *quaker* notices. I thought you was a man of more sense. These peace notions will never answer. Your discourse to-day was adapted to throw contempt upon the '*Citizen Soldiery,*' the right arm of our nation's defence. Our Militia system is falling into neglect, and even disrepute fall fast enough, in these times of peace, without the influence of the Clergy against it."

"But, air," said I, "will you have the goodness to point out the particulars, in which my discourse was inconsistent with the teaching and spirit of Jesus, or say whether you think that I have spoken upon the subject in an unchristian spirit?"

"O, as to that, I am no *theologian*, that I should undertake to quote scripture to the Parson. But one thing I can tell you, and that is, that your stay with us as our Pastor will be short, if you allow yourself to fall into these fanatical quaker peace notions. For *we* regard you as answerable to your hearers, on whom you depend for your living, for what you preach."

"Perhaps," said I, "we may differ in opinion upon that point. *I* feel that my first and most solemn responsibility is to my God and my Savior, in whose name I speak. My responsibility to my people is in perfect accordance with this higher responsibility to God and the Savior. I am therefore answerable to my people and solemnly bound, as I would perform my whole duty to them, to declare to them all of christian truth, which may be revealed to my own mind, and to declare it in a Christian spirit. If, then, you will show me that I have uttered an unchristian sentiment, or if I have spoken in an unchristian spirit, I pledge myself to retract what I have said, and to apologize for the manner in which I have spoken, as publicly as I have now preached upon the subject. But, beyond this, I recognize no responsibility to my hearers, and, therefore, unless you can do this, I see not how I can modify, or take back any thing which I have said, or refrain from speaking again upon the subject, when moved to it by the promptings of duty."

"Well, Parson, you can do as you please.—But one thing I can tell you, and that is, I have done with you, if you are about to turn *quaker*, and you will find that I am not alone." So saying he left me in seeming ill-temper.

As I was sitting in my parlour, on the evening after I had preached on Peace, and had held the above conversation with Col. H., Deacon Earnest called. For a time he seemed very pleasant, though under some restraint, as though he wished to say something and yet found some difficulty in commencing. At length he began by saying, "I hope, my dear sir, that you will pardon me, for telling you, that, in my poor opinion, the subject of your discourse to-day, was very inappropriate to the wants of our people, and, although it is a subject which ought not to be *wholly* neglected, yet you have selected a wrong time to speak upon it."

"But why so," said I.

"Why! why!" said he, "do you ask me why! Don't you know that our people are cold and dead upon the subject of religion, and that we need stirring discourses to arouse them from their indifference and awaken them from their spiritual insensibility! There is Parson Thompson in the neighboring town, has so stirred up his people that they are having quite a revival, and he has done it by aiming directly at the heart, and not by addressing the intellect, with essays upon individual or social morality."

"My dear sir," said I, "you cannot lament the dead ways of the people upon religious subjects more than I do. But I have thought that my discourse to-day upon Peace, was adapted to awaken them. I know of no other way to awaken men to a true interest in spiritual things, but by pointing out the requirements of the Gospel, and showing them wherein they are living in neglect or in violation of them, that so being convinced of their sinful ways in one thing, they may be led back to the fountain of all sinful acts, in the character of their affections from God and his service."

"Well, you may take my word for it, we must have a different course of preaching, or our people will never be aroused. Then, too, it is now a season of profound peace, what need of such a sermon? If our people were all alive upon the subject of religion, or if there was war or the prospect of war, there would be some reason in your preaching upon such a subject. But, at present, it is very ill judged." So saying he bade me good night and went on his way homeward.

Time passed, weeks, months and years. My people had become quite interested in religious matters, and a war seemed upon the very eve of bursting upon us in all its fury. I preached again upon the subject of Peace. I had no sooner left the house of worship, than I was accosted by several who seemed very much excited—I could not at first understand what it meant.—But their conversation soon led me into the secret. They belonged to the party in power, supposed to be the war party, and they accused me of preaching a political sermon, to disaffect my hearers towards the party in power.

"But," said I to them, "did I say a word of disparagement in regard to our rulers or their principles? Did I not speak of war in its most general aspects?"

"We are aware," said they, "that you expressed yourself in the most general manner.—And, if it had been at any other time we should not have suspected its particular applications.—But if you did not intend your discourse as a political sermon, you are certainly very unfortunate in your choice of the proper time to speak upon the subject."

In the evening after the above conversation, Deacon Earnest called again, and began in a very mild and pleasant way, by saying "you gave us a very good sermon to-day, and one which, had it been delivered at any other time, I think must have done great good. But I fear that it is a little ill-timed."

"But why so," said I?

"Why," he answered, "you know that there is, just now, a very deep and serious religious interest among our people, and many are enquiring what they shall do to be saved. I feared, when I heard your discourse, that it might turn the attention of enquirers from their own spiritual condition to those mere moral speculations, and might have a tendency to chill the religious interest which now pervades the society."

"But," said I, "is it not important that those, who are enquiring the way of salvation and are told to repent and believe, should have pointed out to them clearly what the requisitions of the Gospel are, that they may know in what particulars they are to repent and reform? And is it not important, that those, who are commencing a religious life, should be led to think of all the principles of the Gospel, in their application to social, as well as to individual sin; that so they may commence their course with high aims and broad views?"

"Well, I admit that all this is important.—But just now it seems to be ill-timed." So saying he left me.

After he had left me, I spent some time in running over, in my own mind, the difficulties I had met with in preaching upon the subject of peace, in order to form some conclusion, for myself in regard to the time when it would be proper to speak upon this subject. And I drew the following inferences from the difficulties, in which I had been involved, and the objections which had been made to my course.

1. I must never preach upon the subject of peace, when my people are in a state of calmness or of comparative indifference upon the subject of religion.

2. I must never preach upon the subject of peace, when my people are in a state of earnest interest upon the subject of religion, lest I should cool their interest and give their thoughts, enquiries and resolves a wrong direction.

3. I must never preach upon peace when there is no prospect or danger of war, for then there is no need of it.

4. I must never preach upon peace when there is a threatening prospect of war, for, as in all such instances one of the political parties will favor the courses of policy, which bid fair to bring on a war,—the discourse will be regarded as a political sermon.

5. I must never preach upon the subject of peace, in so plain and direct a way, as to bring into disrepute our militia system, or raise a question as to the propriety of the war-like preparations of our government.

6. In preaching upon the subject of peace, I must be very careful not to follow the instructions of Jesus so far as to be suspected of adopting Quaker or ultra notions. With these *few and reasonable* exceptions, I may preach upon this subject of peace, at any time and in any way in which I may be prompted by a sense of duty and guided by a knowledge of the truth.

SENEX.

Perhaps some of our younger readers may be interested in the following different translations from Krummacher, which have been kindly sent to us by some friendly, but unknown hand. The first translation is literal. We cannot resist the inclination to add to this fine poem on The Word a yet finer passage on the same subject from Jeremy Taylor.

"Fair blooms and exhales the rose on the stem,
Sweet sound the nightingale's lays,
And lovely float the spring's gales,
Down from heaven to earth,
Still nought equals on the earthly round,
The eloquent breath of the lips.

In the silent bosom wondrously
Is the little word in stillness born,
Waxes thereto in secret, a pair of wings,
By the heart for a messenger chosen,
It opens the lip's closed borders,
Then murm'ring, floats in airy space.

Now seeks it longing another heart,
Friendly with itself to unite,
Exalts joy, and leads pain,
To weep assuaging tears,
Cools the bosom's pent up fire,
And stills the waves in the boiling blood.

Now rushes with a thunderbolt's force,
The word, on mighty wings,
Flashes on the dark night of sin,
And ventures tyrants to bridle,
Trembles the slave, and wishes it hence
Yet freer only moves the living word.

Floats it dearer in the tender breath
Of love and thanksgiving to earth,
Plaintive echoes round the mute cave,
Explains the dark gesture,
Meets the sighing one with mild tone,
And turns to joy the tears of the poor.

Yea, soars not up in bold path,
The word to heaven's gates?
Well may it the heavenly throne draw near
Born by the throne of the Omnipotent,
Ere the host of worlds assembled
Sounded the word's mighty notes.

There called it down the beams of light,
Before it vanished eternal darkness,
There adorned it with flowers, mount and vale;
The heavens with starry fires,
Thus was creation, in glorious splendor
Born through the word of the Almighty mouth.

Then breathed it the Creator into the breast
Of the mortal son of earth,
Thereby, to him informed by the breath of God
His life might become godlike.
Thou nursling of Heaven, be ever then,
In earthly mouth godlike breath."

"A fragrant breath, the lovely rose exhales,
In spring, delightful are the tepid gales,
Sweet is the nightingale's melodious song,
But far beyond all these, the gifted tongue.
The winged word, springs forth from depths of thought,
By words, the message of the heart is brought,
The word, a sympathy of mind revealing,
Oft proves of holy friendship's bond the sealing,
Sweet pity's breath appeases oft our pain
Draws down the flowing tear's assuaging rain.
'Tis reason's voice, can calm our rage to peace,
The word of sympathy, our joys increase,
And words on rushing, with the lightning's force,
Can stop the proud oppressor's furious course;
His boiling bosom swells, in vain he raves,
For tyrants, to the living word, are slaves.
The plaintive voice, denotes the sufferer's pains,
Sounds from the cave his gesture dark explains,
The good man's mildest tones, his miseries cure,
And turn to joy, the wailings of the poor;
As nature prompts, without the aid of art,
He pours thanksgivings from his grateful heart.
Our soaring words, to heavenly themes aspire,
Why not? born from above, Heaven is their sire.
Before the planets and fixed stars appeared,
In mighty notes, the voice divine was heard,
Then called it forth the genial beams of light,
And vanished, far away, eternal night,
And lo! sweet flowers to mount and vale were given
With all the splendors of the starry heaven;
Born of the mighty word victorious,
Were all the charms of this creation glorious,
Then our Almighty Father's high behest,
Enshrined his heavenly word in human breast,
The voice of God, that so the mortal life
With monitor divine, be ne'er at strife;
If speech from a celestial fountain flow,
Then let our words a chrystal pureness show."

"Fair blooms the rose upon its stem,
Sweet chants the nightingale her note,
How pleasant, when the gales of spring,
From heaven gently float!
Yet nought can equal on this earthly round,
The lips' sweet breath, the tongue's enchanting sound.

Wondrously in the silent breast
Hath the slight word its secret birth,
A lightly winged messenger
The full heart sends it forth—
The sealed border of the lips it opes
And murmurs to the air its fears and hopes.

Now swift in kindly sympathy
It yearns to meet another heart,
To deepen joy, and by sweet tears
To soothe affliction's smart,
Cooling the pent up bosom's passionate flood,
Stilling the angry waves that stir the blood.

Now strong as livid thunderbolt,
Rushes the word on wings of might,
The tyrant's rage its boldness awes
Flashing on sin's dark night.
Free speech the crouching slave would bid begone,
But fearless and more free the brave word moveth on.

Of earthly love and gratitude,
Soundeth the utterance more dear,
It echoes soft to mute despair,
The darkness making clear—
With gentle tones it meets the mourner sad,
The bitter tears of want it maketh glad.

Yea, even to the gates of Heaven,
The word pursues its daring road,
Well may it scale celestial heights,
Born by the throne of God—
Ere ample space with starry worlds was filled,
Through the dim void His words of power had thrilled.

Let there be light, spake first the word,
Vanished dark chaos utterly.
With flowers were mount and vale bedecked,
With starry fires the sky;
Thus from the word of power supreme was born
The glorious splendor of Creation's morn.

The word was breathed by love divine,
Into the breast of earth's frail child,
To make his life by such inspiring,
Godlike and undefiled.
Thou child of God, ever to thee be given
To breathe from earthly lips the voice of Heaven."

CONSOLATION.

"God glories in the appellative, that he is the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, and therefore to minister in the office is to become like God, and to imitate the charities of heaven; and God hath fitted mankind for it; he most needs it, and he feels his brother's wants by his own experience; and God hath given us speech and the endearments of society, and pleasantness of conversation, and powers of seasonable discourse, arguments to allay the sorrow, by abating our apprehensions, and taking out the sting, or telling the periods of comfort, or exciting hope, or urging a precept, and reconciling our affections, and reciting promises, or telling stories of the divine mercy, or changing it into duty, or making the burden less by comparing it with greater, or by proving it to be less than we deserve, and that it is so intended, and may become the instrument of virtue. And certain it is that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eye-lids close together, than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel.

But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow, he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below, so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

This part of communication does the work of God and of our neighbors, and bears us to heaven in streams of joy made by the overflowings of our brother's comfort. It is a fearful thing to see a man despairing. None knows the sorrow and the intolerable anguish but themselves, and they that are damned; and so are all the loads of a wounded spirit, when the staff of a man's broken fortune bows his head to the ground, and sinks like an osier under the violence of a mighty tempest. But therefore in proportion to this I may tell the excellency of the employment, and the duty of that charity, which bears the dying and languishing soul from the fringes of hell to the seat of the brightest stars, where God's face shines and reflects comforts for ever and ever."

We give below several articles selected from the London Inquirer. They are mostly published there as extracts.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS. A Sermon preached at Worship-street Chapel, London, before the General Assembly of Unitarian Baptists, held on Whit Tuesday, June 2nd, 1846. By the Rev. T. Sadler, Ph. D. 1846.

This is an admirable and beautiful discourse, illustrating an important moral principle, in a truly Christian spirit. We select a few short passages to show how well the whole will reward perusal:—

"Even in the present state, there is a continual advancement towards an appreciation of all good efforts. Society is moving onward with sure though steady steps. A greater desire for knowledge, a warmer sympathy with the sorrowing and the oppressed, and a deeper concern for the fallen and the degraded, certainly exist now than in any former age, and should lead us to anticipate yet brighter things. A distinguished ancient philosopher, when he was being taken to prison for asserting that the earth goes round, exclaimed "still it rolls on," and, because it did roll on, the world was at length obliged to acknowled it; so it will always be. The light of knowledge and the warmth of love will eventually, however slowly, penetrate into those minds and hearts, which were intended by God to receive them. Prisons cannot shut in truth, or calumny cry down goodness; they will roll on, whoever opposes them, because they are truth and goodness, till they have encompassed the earth. How much better then is it to be the promulgators of a truth, that is long in gaining its destined ascendancy, and thus be for a time discountenanced and shunned, than to be the champions of a popular error—now applauded, but after a little while treated with silent neglect—at first followed by multitudes, but soon forsaken—crowned with laurels indeed, but crowned only that the contrast between the brilliancy of their original colors, and their dulness when faded, may render us a more marked and effectual warning for all succeeding generations! Thus therefore even here every good seed that is scattered, sooner or later yields its increase."

* * * * *

"There is one more recompense, which though perhaps closely connected with the last, yet deserves to be distinctly brought before us—we mean the silent progress which is going on within our own breasts, and which is of more value to us than anything external. Every good thought, whether or not it be responded to by the multitude, every noble deed, whether or not in a worldly sense it be successful, every holy purpose, whatever may be its reception among mankind, and whatever may be its result, leaves a permanent benefit within us, tends to draw us nearer to God. As "it is better to give than to receive," so our elevated thoughts and our disinterested actions are to none so great a blessing as to ourselves. When we feed the hungry and clothe the naked and visit the sick, we do much for them in alleviating their bodily sufferings, but the exercise of charity does more for ourselves—it enlarges our hearts. How wrong is it therefore to be always weighing so exactly temporary profits and lost, ere we do anything for mankind, as if there were no world within ourselves. What! not labor for the spread of truth, because it is a trouble and an expense, or because, as we are wont to fancy, our fellow-creatures are not prepared to receive it? We firmly believe that God has allotted this work to us for our own sakes rather than for that of others. He could have written his decrees on heaven's broad arch, so that all must see; he could have proclaimed them in heaven's awful voice of thunder, so that all must hear, but he reserved their diffusion for us, in order that we ourselves might be more deeply imbued with their sacred and sanctifying influence. And so with benevolent efforts; we must not imagine that God could in no way besides our ministrations succor the distressed and strengthen the weak; He could send angels from on high to pour balm into our wounds, and to soothe our anxieties, but He left it for us to befriend one another, because by so doing we develop our own faculties, kindle and cherish our sympathies, ennoble our views, and form our whole characters in strength and beauty."

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"The smallness of our numbers, if it teach us anything, should remind us that more depends on our individual exertions. When a sublime truth has but a few friends, not only should these few friends not turn against it, and argue because we are so few, that which was a valuable truth is now a lamentable error, and therefore we will oppose it; or, that which was most momentous is now of little importance, and therefore we will not trouble ourselves about it: on the other hand, they should reason with themselves. Here is a stupendous blessing for mankind, and it has pleased our heavenly Father, that, through this our little band, it should be communicated; how proud ought we to be of so honorable a vocation! what solemn responsibility rests upon us! how ought we to cherish in every way in our power, by reflection, by sympathy, by encouragement, and by prayer, an earnest and steadfast determination to be faithful to our trust! Men, who in the strength of their conviction that we have only to do our duty, and think that we may confidently leave the rest to God, *will* think freely and soberly, and fearlessly express, and fully carry out, the grand doctrines which shall recommend themselves to their souls,—these are what are wanted, and such are what we should strive with all our hearts and souls to become. Believe me, fellow-Christians, truth is to be diffused far and wide, the world is to be converted, heaven is to be attained—not by names and artifices, but *by hands and hearts.* The foundation of all solid advancement must be *in ourselves,* in extensive knowledge, in deep and fervent piety, in being living representatives of our sublime faith. This is what we must do, not trust to casualities, transient fashions and outward show, but so think and so act and so speak as that our spirits may become thoroughly imbued with that truth and goodness which are from above. Thus will our plans and operations be continually undergoing a strict and scrutinizing review, with the object of change wherever change is needed, we ourselves always looking abroad among our fellow-men, and into our own minds and consciences, for suggestions of usefulness and means of improvement, at all times ready, without querulous anxieties about the exact period and manner of our reward, to profess what we deem true, and to do what we think right. Yes, fellow-Christians, only let us do this, and there will be little more scepticism as to whether God will grant us all that we deserve, and more; the possession of the truth as our guide and comforter will be itself an unspeakable blessing; our own characters will be our sufficient monuments, and our fulness of joy will be in heaven. And if still our thoughts will from time to time revert to earth, the home of our childhood, the theatre of our early labors, the sphere in which we not only first beheld the light of the sun, and breathed the refreshing atmosphere, but also felt the loveliness of truth and virtue and religion, we shall be enabled with the eye of faith clearly to discern, far as it may be down the vale of time, our generous efforts appreciated, our correct opinions embraced, our useful habits adopted, and, notwithstanding our errors and imperfections, if we have done all we could, we shall not fail to distinguish the merited praise, which our honesty and our earnestness have secured for us in the historic page. These men were faithful in *their* day; if wrong, they loved and sought the right, they loved God and man and heaven."

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW PLANET. A Discourse, by Edward Tagart, F. S. A.

This discourse contains the reflections on a very remarkable event in the progress of science, at once of an enlightened and of a religious mind. Beginning with a reference to the contrasted views of human nature, in its elevation and its degradation, which have been presented by different writers, Mr. Tagart comes to this conclusion:—

"Yet the native excellence of man may be painted, I sometimes think, in too warm colors. Too favorable a view may be taken, I will not say of the inherent capacities of the mind or the native emotions of the heart, for I hold that these are naturally good; but of the means within the reach of the great mass for their improvement and happiness, and of the influences for good or evil to which they are exposed. It is true, one would rather look on human nature, as on all things, from the sunny or the golden side. We shall treat well that only of which we think well. But if our expectations are raised too high, our disappointment and chagrin may be proportionably great. In proportion as we think highly of the actual possibilities of our nature, as we form lofty conceptions of what man may become by proper discipline and care—perhaps drawing a universal standard from rare and striking instances of superiority—so shall we be grieved and mortified at the mournful corruptions pervading society, and the strange and lamentable weakness and inconsistency of our own and individual characters; so shall we be humbled and distressed by reflecting on the painful condition of those masses who are sunk in the depths of ignorance, and reared amidst gross depravity, the children of hardship, misfortune and neglect; who, from the cradle to the grave, are denied the blessings of parental care, and the kindly influence of social smiles and encouraging connections.

"The fact seems to be, with regard to the intrinsic excellence or depravity of human nature, and all language of this kind derives its force from the standards of attainments or objects of comparison, which the mind at the time has specially in view. We gather our impressions of the worth of human nature chiefly from striking instances of high achievement in knowledge and art; from a survey of the highest accomplishments of human intelligence in the paths of abstract science, and in all the varied departments of labor and skill. We draw them from marked examples of virtue, in the fidelity of domestic care and affection; from the sacrifices and efforts of friendship, patriotism, and philanthropy; while the sweetness of infancy and the venerableness of age make their irresistible appeal to every heart. Our impressions of the latter, that is of the sinfulness and depravity of our nature, are drawn from the contrast between those rules of duty and that standard of excellence, with which social claims and instructions, the monitions of conscience and the holy gospel, furnish us, and the actual conduct of mankind,—an excellence towards which so few make satisfactory approaches; rules of duty, the violations of which are so flagrant, so constant, and so numerous. The erring, the sinning, the sick, the dying, crowd upon our path and our attention; and with that desire for unmixed happiness and enjoyment, which is the most powerful instinct of human nature, and with a deep sense of the contrast between what man might be and what we find him,—we exclaim, Alas! for man! 'There is none that doeth good, no, not one; they are altogether gone out of the way.'"

The author then introduces the subject, which gave a direction to his thoughts—the discovery of the new planet, of which he gives some account. He rejoices that there are so many now who can value and enjoy the discoveries of science, though not able themselves to enter into profound researches, and he proceeds to point out how science is the handmaid of religion—how knoweldge is subservient to rational piety, and enables us better to appreciate and apply the truths which revelation communicates. The elevating truths and beautiful practical influences of the Bible are dwelt upon, whilst it is shown how those passages which seem to attribute human passions to the Deity ought to be explained. In conclusion, Mr. Tagart beautifully shows in what way religion is needed as supplementary even to the purest and highest natural knowledge, satisfying a want which, from its very nature, it cannot reach, and being more worthy to be loved and valued the higher the attainments of those who cherish it:—

"The God of nature merely appears a distant, stern, immovable Deity. We see nothing in nature but general laws. There appears no concern for the individuals except as they are subservient to the great whole. The interests, the hopes, the fears of our present being all appear swept onwards in the great tide of an unchangeable necessity. One generation goeth and another cometh, with a certainty that is at once awful and affecting. After a longer or shorter term of mingled smiles and tears, 'we shuffle off this mortal coil,' and drop one by one into the tomb. 'In vain does the clay say to Him that fashioned it, what doest thou?' Yes—the planets will continue to roll in their majestic round, the tides of ocean will ebb and flow, the rivers will pour their streams into the everlasting bed, the mountains will lift up their untrodden peaks, when the creatures who have studied and contemplated the great whole have vanished; when they who have measured the waters and weighed the mountains, and predicted the periodic returns and courses of the stars are gone, and the place that knew them shall know them no more. The leaves of autumn are now falling, —and already are the buds of spring preparing, —but nature seems to say, no second spring is given to man.

'Still glides the stream, and shall not cease to glide;
The form remains, the function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish.'

And not only so. Even the sweetest hopes and affections which we have cherished—the tender relationships which made life dear, and gave a motive to virtue and exertion; these are laid prostrate as we advance; and we die many times in losing those we love. But no! As in the physical world no atom we are convinced is ever ultimately lost, so in the spiritual world there may be a law, not so demonstrable, yet probable, and how pleasing! that no good thought, no intellectual acquision, no pure affection, is formed in vain, and that all our spiritual experiences go to enrich a future incorruptible inheritance. The world of matter, we are confident, is entirely subservient to that of mind.

"Now the beauty of the Bible is, my friends, that it connects religion with these very circumstances—these frailties and necessities of our being. It approaches man, and deals with him as a creature susceptible of knowledge and improvement to an indefinite degree—but erring, sinning, perishing. It contains the most distinct and affecting proof of divine care, by the mission of a messenger of love and promise, to point out the true path to eternal life,—to be the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him. It shows us in this beloved Son of God a pattern of excellence that transcends our highest aspirations. It makes us members of a vast family and one of another, with an elder brother, who is head over all things to his house. It checks the dangerous tendency to intellectual vanity and pride; teaching as that knowledge puffeth up—but that charity edifieth; that whatever be our present acquisitions, we know but in part, and can prophecy but in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Into whatever regions of space therefore, the mind may dart,—let imagination travel from world to world, from system to system, and gather infinite riches in her excursions—she may return to bring the whole tributary to the glory of the cross. The student of science will still delight to sit with infants at the feet of Jesus, for he finds a lesson of human brotherhood, of meekness, purity and compassion, a zeal for human welfare—a fervent devotedness to God, as a Father, taught in that school, such as nowhere else can be learnt. The God of nature will therefore be always dearer as the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. Bright then as may be the discoveries of the highest intellect, high as may be the soarings of the loftiest created spirit—there will still be this delightful truth for the weakest and humblest of the children of earth, who founds his confidence on the Rock of Ages, the word of Him that cannot lie—'That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what things God hath prepared for them that love and obey him.'" *Amen.*

DIFFUSION OF THE BIBLE.

In recent times the Bible has been gradually spread in the vernacular tongue over the civilized world, mainly through the influence of the English nation, which, borrowing light and impulse from Luther and his German associates, has enjoyed the high privilege and distinction of communicating to mankind the word of life. It is, however, within the last century, and since the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society (in 1780) that the great diffusion of this sacred book has been effected. At the present day, Christians of all denominations and of all ranks are engaged with one heart in spreading the records of divine truth. "In 1804,"—we cite the words of the present Bishop of Chester, —"the word of God was acceptable to one-fifth of the great family of mankind, through the medium of about forty translations. It is now accessible to three-fifths, through the medium of one hundred and sixty translations."—Up to May, 1844, there had been received by the British and Foreign Bible Society, a sum of above three millions of pounds sterling. Three hundred years ago, in many parts of Europe, but particularly in this country, the high and keen dispute was, whether what was called the church, or the Sacred Scriptures should be regarded as of supreme authority. At present, all parties how different soever their aims, concur with more or less zeal in diffusing abroad these precious writings. A volume, which a few centuries since could not be procured by nobles, and which few princes possessed, can now be purchased, by a child for a few pence. At the dawn of the Reformation, the Bible had to steal into this country by single copies; now it is sent forth hence in great numbers to all parts of the world. To say nothing of other sources, the Bible Society state in their report for 1844, that they had issued 15,965,025 volumes of the Bibles and Testaments, of which 10,500,000 were in the English tongue. [The People's Dictionary of the Bible.

TRUE AND FALSE PLEASURES.

The man who feels pleasure in putting brandy into his stomach, or in any other way gratifying his nerves of sensation, is a mere beast.—One whose chief pleasure is in the exercise of the limbs, and who plays without any exercise of the mind, is a more harmless sort of animal, like the lamb in the field, or the swallow skimming over meadow or pool. He whose delight is to represent nature by painting, or to build edifices by some beautiful idea, or to echo feelings in music, is of an immeasurably higher order. Higher still is he who is charmed by thought, above everything—whose understanding gives him more satisfaction, when he is making other people happy, than any other power he has. Higher still is he who never is so happy as when he is relieving pain, and giving pleasure to two or three, or more people about him. Higher yet is he whose chief joy it is to labor at great and eternal thoughts, in which he lies bound up in the happiness of a whole nation, and, perhaps, a whole world, at a future time when he will be mouldering in his grave. Any man who is capable of this joy, at the same time of spreading comfort and pleasure among the few who live round about him, is the noblest human being we can conceive. He is also the happiest. [Miss Martineau.

TOPSHAM.—BIGOTRY AND SUPERSTITION.

A few weeks ago, Sampson Walling, of this town, aged about fifteen, slipped into a large copper of boiling water, heated for the purpose of brewing, by which his lower limbs were dreadfully scalded, and his hands shockingly burnt by grasping the edge, in his endeavors to extricate himself from his perilous situation. As he could give no account *how* he came there, it is believed that he was asleep (as it was in the night), when he fell into the boiler. He pulled himself out,—a miserable sufferer,—to the astonishment of many. He was fully aware that he could not long survive: and, during his journey to Exeter Infirmary, where he died the same day, he comforted his sister and mourning friends by uttering many pious sentiments, full of resignation to the will of God, which he had learnt in the Sunday school and chapel, where he was a singer, and leader of the boys and others in repeating the responses in the liturgy. He was a superior youth, and much valued by his preceptors in the school, and by the minister.

During the late awful storm, which swept with terrific and almost unparalleled fury round the coast of South Devon, and unroofed a portion of the old chapel of this town, and inundated the gallery and pews below, a fishing-boat belonging to Topsham, containing two men and two boys, was driven on the dangerous Bar at Teignmouth, and were capsized; one man and a boy were rescued from a watery grave by the bold and humane exertions of the coast-guard, who hazarded their own lives in the dangerous attempt, but the other man and youth perished. This youth, Thomas Newman, aged seventeen, was, also, a pupil in the same Sunday school, and was a diligent and well-conducted boy; keeping the younger lads in order, and reading, in an audible and proper manner, those parts of the service which are appropriated to the people and congregation. He was very useful, as there is no clerk at the chapel.

Many sincere tears fell at the news of his untimely and melancholy death! The object in reciting these two awful events remains to be stated.

The bigots, in which Topsham abounds, had availed themselves of these sad disasters, by spreading abroad—"That these two good boys were taken away in this awful manner, as *a judgment of God* on their parents, for allowing their children to go to an Unitarian Sunday school and chapel." Absurd as this act of bigotry may appear, it has had its effect with the superstitious, in the diminished number of the Sunday school children. But this is not all that the friends of Christian truth have to contend with. The charities, which are numerous and various in this place, are mostly under the absolute control of the clergyman, who would not, if he knew it, and could prevent it, grant a single sou to a "Meetinger." Moreover, he will not suffer a child to enter the Bell's school whose parents send or allow them to go to a Dissenting Sunday school. He applies, from his ample store, his *silver* arguments with greater success by far; then follows those furnished by reason and Scripture. In fact, bribery, for so it may be called, is practised in Topsham to a vast extent, in the shape of money, garments, books, &c., and also in affected horror of Unitarian sentiments, and a canting, whining zeal for "souls," distilled from female tongues! Truly, the small band, at this place, who worship the Father, almost crushed by their numerous, bigoted, wealthy, and virulent opponents, may cry out to their brethren, "Come and help us, ere we die." We need your services, in every and in any way you can give them. Modesty does not forbid us to say that we are not laggard in the fulfilment of our mission.

In our Sunday school, we have the benefit of the constant and gratuitous services of Mr. Scott, lately become a resident at Topsham; of Mrs. Bristowe, who founded the Sunday schools; of her daughter, Miss B.; and of one paid teacher; and, with a little countenance from our friends in other places, we feel that, though we may be cast down for a while, yet we shall not be destroyed. Our motto is—"Persevere," and in due time success will follow.

TOPSHAM. We hear that a short course of lectures, on subjects of deep interest to the cause of Unitarian Christianity, is about to be delivered in the chapel here, under the auspices of the Western Christian Union; and that the lectures will be commenced immediately after Christmas. Much good is anticipated from this measure.

SELECTIONS.

As far as we are acquainted with the nature of God, we have been so constructed as, in a healthy state of mind, to derive pleasure from whatever things are illustrative of that nature. [Modern Painters.

Only towards God can the feeling of human dependence assume such a character as shall elevate him who feels it, and become his surest support in all the sufferings and struggles of life. [Worship of Genius.

[Original Poetry.]

LAST WORDS OF 1846.

Death's hand is upon me, and ruthless December,
Cold and frigid itself, must be colder in death;
Like the faint struggling sparks of a mouldering ember,
My light must be quenched, and extinguished my breath.

Alas! for the *belles* of a barbarous people,
They will hail my demise at the ball and the rout;
And alas! for the *bells* of each towering steeple,
Once they thundered me *in*, now they'll thunder me *out*

Ting-a-ring-ting, rang they never so cheery,
As when they first hailed me with sounds of delight;
And ting-a-ring-ting, now I'm dying and dreary,
Will merrily sound in the silence of night.

Ting-a-ring-ting,—are there none to lament me,—
Will all join the dance at the birth of the heir;
And none of the thousands who've foolishly spent me,
A thought or a tear for his ancestor spare?

Oh! when I was young, how men promised to store me
With deeds that should live in the annals of time;
Now the ghost of each promise is rising before me,
And their knell seems to sound in each 'monishing chime.

Farewell! God forgive men who've weakly abused me;
I was one of the talents he gives in his love;
Farewell! heaven bless those who've faithfully used me,
With the purest of bliss that comes from above.

Farewell! I am going—the first stroke has sounded
Of the hour of midnight, my funeral knell;—
Thus said the poor year, while still gaily resounded
The light ting-a-ring of each frolicsome bell.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

This exemplary body, with that spirit of humanity which has ever characterised them, has entered in a subscription of £2,000, in Dublin, to relieve the wants of the poor throughout this

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 6, 1847.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

To the numerous complaints of subscribers, in regard to the seasonable reception of their papers, we reply, that it is an evil we greatly regret, and have endeavored to remedy. But it is beyond our immediate control. The failure is not the fault of *our office*, but of the *Boston Post Office*, in which our papers are always seasonably deposited. We find the following explanatory paragraph, in a late number of the Boston Courier

"Owing to the great increase of business, of late, at the Boston post-office, *the distributing clerks are not enabled to mail all the Boston papers in season for the earliest mails.* It is well known that they work hard, and do their duty faithfully, but they cannot accomplish all that is necessary without more assistance."

We trust that the inconvenience which has caused so many complaints will soon be obviated, as an application of the Publishers of Newspapers in this city has already gone to Washington for that purpose.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

It is the fashion here to speak contemptuously of newspapers. Every man seeks them, reads them with avidity, must have them, and then avenges himself by abusing them. "O, that is only a newspaper story,—a newspaper paragraph, criticism or surmise," *is* an expression which is supposed to contain the quintessence of contempt. And there is some ground for this charge. Our newspapers, with some noble exceptions, have been servile organs of party, changing their course at the beck of party leaders behind the scene. Nothing could be more sickening than the sudden changes, within the last three or four years, of leading journals on the most important subjects of national policy and morals. To-day a proposed measure is the blackest under heaven, and almost before the ink is dry, this same measure is imperatively demanded by the honor and policy of the country.—Such degrading and unprincipled conduct is enough to bring disgrace and contempt upon the press. If Editors only felt, as a few now do, that they occupy a very responsible and honorable part, one high enough to satisfy the honest ambition of any man, who fills it with ability, and if, with the manly independence which is the natural fruit of such a consciousness, they should go on firmly in their work, they would soon cease, as many now have, to be the tools of others, they would form and control public opinion, instead of being its slaves, and be looked to with respect, instead of running after those who seek the highest offices of the land. And who can set bounds to the moral influence which they might have?

Editors must understand the times. They must be discreet as well as bold. They must often be as gentle in manner as they are firm in principle, sometimes soothing the angry elements, and sometimes coming out with words as strong and violent as the sudden thunderbolt. When the moral feelings of the community are outraged by some masterly but unprincipled stroke of policy, concocted in secret by interested men, language too bold and daring cannot be used.—Hesitation is weakness, soft words are capitulation, and when the first surprise is over, the moral sensibilities of the people are deadened, the time for producing an impression is passed, and the battle lost. But there are other subjects which are brought forward gradually; in which a great deal of information is to be given, and time is to be allowed for the leaven to work, to spread itself through the mass, and prepare the public mind for great public measures. The scheme three years ago for the annexation of Texas, and that now under consideration for the incorporation of a portion of Mexico as slave states into our territory, are of the former kind; they should be met boldly and with unflinching hostility at the very outset. Measures for the general improvement of society, for the advancement of education, the doing away of war, intemperance and slavery, are of the latter kind. The public mind must be prepared for them.—By line upon line and precept upon precept the people must be led on from the elementary principles up to the most complicated and momentous results. We are never to waver, never to compromise our principles, never, by the violence of friend or foe, to be diverted from our purpose, but to go on modestly, prudently, kindly, hopefully, steadfastly towards the end. And as we trust in the goodness of our cause and in a righteous Providence above, we must prosper, and, if we do not, the cause will. And by this course more than by any other will the conductors of the press establish their profession on a sure and honorable basis.

What we have thus far said, applies to the whole newspaper press, political, literary and religious. To religious newspapes it applies with peculiar force. We are not, except on extraordinary occasions, to aim at sudden and violent effects. There is a calm and healthful influence, a peaceful and living spirit of faith and love, going on in thousands of homes, which we by our weekly sheet, humble as it is, would help to carry forward. It is easy to produce an excitement, to get up at any time a violent controversy, to fight most earnestly for our faith, and at times in some places this must be done. We believe that at this very time, the Christian Inquirer is in this way doing a great work in New York, and doing it well. But our own mode of action here is different. Our ideal of a religious paper is this. As each weekly sheet meets the eye of twenty or thirty thousand persons of all ages, characters and conditions in life, it must treat a great variety of subjects, and in a great variety of ways. Religious truths should be presented in solid arguments for the thoughtful, in anecdotes and stories or in epigramatic paragraphs for the careless, in solemn appeals for all. There should be in every paper consolation for the mourner, and food for the meditations of the devout. There should be instructions for the young. The spirit of piety should commend itself in sweet strains of poetry, and duties be enforced in words of eloquence and power. Lessons should be drawn from the Scriptures, from the common paths and bye ways of life, from man's deepest experience and his most superficial acts. A paper like this ought to contain in extracts and condensed abridgements the substance of all that is published in the denomination. It should give wise and faithful accounts of books. It should notice all the prominent movements in the denomination, and propose measures for the better understanding or diffusions of our views. It should not fear to comment on political measures in their moral and religious bearings. It should take a part in all important efforts for the advancement of education, and sound morals, for the alleviation of every species of suffering. It should be cheerful always,—lively without levity, and serious without dulness—hopeful always and full of faith.

This is our ideal of a religious newspaper.—Far enough are we, with all the aid we can get, from doing what we should be glad to do. If any are disposed to complain of defects, let them, instead of complaining, send us something to supply what is wanting. But we have no reason to complain that our labors are not appreciated, or that others are backward to assist us, though we should be glad if more of our brethren were willing to lend their aid.

For the Register.

ALLEGED INSTANCES OF HARSHNESS IN OUR SAVIOR'S SPEECH AND LIFE.

We know a professed philanthropist, (one of those men, who show their love for a part of their brethren by denouncing the rest,) who, when reproved for his denunciatory language, is in the habit of replying, "I never called people *a generation of vipers*," as if in his harsh speech he were only a distant imitator of his Savior.—We apprehend that the phrase above referred to and other expressions from the lips of Jesus are often cited in justification of a style of language, entirely alien from his spirit. In point of fact, these sayings of Jesus bore when written a much milder and less reproachful meaning, than they do now. The malignity and venom, with which they seem fraught, flowed into them, not from the Master's lips, but from the disciple's heart. Christians, in their desire to sanction their own bad passions by divine authority, have expressed them in the words of Christ, and have thus generally imparted to those words a severity of invective, which they were never intended to express, in some instances changing even the language of commiseration into that of withering anathema. This statement we propose to justify by an examination of several of the phrases, that at first sight might seem the least compatible with the gentleness of our Savior's spirit.

The phrase "*generation of vipers*," is a mistranslation. The word rendered *generation* is a plural noun, and denotes *children* or *offspring*, so that whatever description of character is intended by it belongs, not to the persons addressed, but to their ancestors. In all ancient languages the *viper* stood as a symbol for ingratitude, so that the phrase in truth denotes, "children of ungrateful ancestors." Now the ingratitude of their ancestors was an admitted fact among the Jews of our Savior's day,—a fact, on which he could found his reasonings and appeals without exciting additional hostility and odium. In one of the two instances, in which he uses this phrase, it immediately follows a prolonged discussion of the treatment, which the prophets had received at the hands of their fellow-countrymen; and in both cases it seems to have been employed by way of reasoning rather than invective, and the idea will, without forcing, bear to be thrown into some such form as this,—"No wonder that my claims are so coldly received by the children of those, who killed the prophets."

"Wo unto you,"—a form of speech repeatedly employed by Jesus in addressing the Scribes and Pharisees,—may have been a correct rendering when our translation was made, but has now ceased to be so. "Alas for you," represents the true sense of the original. It is an exclamation of heartfelt pity, in beautiful accordance with the spirit of Him, who, while he bore the cross without a tear, wept over the city of his murderers.

The word *hypocrite* often employed by Jesus, was, when the Gospels were written, simply a descriptive, and not an insulting or reproachful term. It was the name of a profession, and included all the members of the *corps dramatique*. It corresponded to our word *action*, and, without any association connected with it, which could blend taunts or contumely with a statement of the simple truth, it conveyed, in the least offensive manner possible, the idea of one who was acting as assumed part.

These are the principal cases, in which our Savior's sanction is currently quoted in behalf of the opprobrious epithets, which his disciples are so fond of heaping upon each other. There is one instance, in which his conduct is often cited for the same purpose. We refer to his use of a scourge in driving out from the temple those, who made it a place of merchandize. It is in John ii. 13. 17., that this narrative occurs. In the similar transaction towards the close of his ministry, related by the other three evangelists, the use of a scourge is not mentioned; and in this we see no reason for supposing that the scourge was even used as an emblem of authority with the men, whom he ordered from the holy place. Without the slightest violence to the construction of the passage, we may render it as follows, (and indeed on critical grounds alone we think this rendering preferable.) "He found in the temple those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money at their tables; and he made a scourge of the cords by which they were tethered and drove out all, both the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, (giving it no doubt into their hands,) and overthrew their tables; and said to those that sold doves, *take them away*." By this rendering, he is made to dispose of each of the kinds of merchandize in the only way, in which he could have purged the temple of them. The sheep and oxen needed to be driven out.—The money changers were to carry their money away with them. Those who sold doves were not deprived of their property, but compelled to carry it to some more suitable place for sale.—The men concerned in this sacrilegous traffic yielded readily to his zeal, in part, awed by his fervor of soul and manner, in part, convicted by their own consciences, and in part no doubt, because the surrounding multitude sympathized with the reformer of an abuse, opposed to their own feelings of reverence for the temple, but which they had not the energy to remove.

In this connection it may not be amiss to notice two instances, in which our common version certainly makes our Savior employ disrespectful language to his mother. One is in Luke ii. 49. when, after Joseph and Mary had sought long for Jesus, and found him in the temple, he replied, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—We remember that, all through our childhood, this answer was a blot on the otherwise radiant and beautiful image of the "Holy child Jesus." We could never torture it into a filial or a kind construction, nor can we now. But the word *business* is an interpolation of our translators, and probably no biblical critic at the present day will deny that *house* ought to have been supplied instead of *business*. With this change, the reply of Jesus is brought into perfect harmony with his character, reminding his mother, without the slightest violation of due respect, of his divine parentage and the exalted destiny, the prediction of which was slumbering in her heart.—"How is it that ye wandered far in search of me? Knew ye not that the Father's house is the child's true place,—the place where the child ought to be found?"

The other passage, to which we would refer, occurs in John ii. 4. in the narrative of the wedding at Cana and Galilee,—"Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." The appellative *woman* is shown, by sufficiently ample authority, to have been perfectly respectful, when addressed to an object of the highest veneration or affection; but the rest of the sentence can by no construction be made to harmonize with the filial tenderness manifested by our Lord on other occasions. A well known idiom authorizes the translation, "What have I to do with thee;" but the words admit of a more pleasing, and at the same time a more literal construction; and the last clause of the verse may without violence be rendered interrogatively.—With the new translation, which I would propose, the narrative will run thus. The family, at whose house the festival occurs, was undoubtedly in humble, if not indigent circumstances. At a certain stage of the entertainment, (which lasted for several days,) they find themselves without wine, and probably without the means of purchasing it. The mother of Jesus, sympathizing in their embarrassment, communicates it to him. He replies, "Woman, what is this to me and thee?" that is, why should this lack of wine make us uneasy in sympathy with our host and his household? Has not my hour, (my time for the manifestation of my miraculous endowments,) already come? His mother, understanding from these words that something extraordinary is going to take place, (which she could not have inferred from his chiding her and telling her that his hour had not come, as in our common version,) forthwith requests the attendants to do whatever Jesus might order.

If we have relieved the foregoing sayings and translations from their apparent harshness, we have performed for our readers a service, which we have been very thankful to have performed for ourselves by the critical study of the Gospel narrative.

A. P. P.

For the Register.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

ITS GENUINENESS, ITS INTEGRITY, ITS OCCASION AND SUBJECT.

The two reports of the so-called Sermon on the Mount, which we have in Matthew (ch. v. vi. vii.,) and in Luke (ch. vi.,) come evidently from different and independent sources. I should not assert this of all the parallel passages of the Evangelists; for some of them appear to be different versions of the same original report, and in some cases they seem to be only different records of the same report without variation. But in these two documents in which Christ's Sermon on the Mount is preserved to us, we have undoubtedly the reports of two different and independent witnesses, and of two who heard, or understood, or remembered the Savior's address quite differently.

Yet in the main features their reports agree so well together as to leave no question that they are reports of the same occurrence. This sufficiently appears from the beginning and end being the same in the two, and from the close similarity in the general sense, as well as in the progress and succession of the thoughts. These resemblances leave no question on the mind of one who compares them, of their being reports of the same thing, although, as we will presently consider more particularly, the circumstances and occasion of it are described somewhat differently.

The argument which is frequently made in support of the authenticity of the Gospels from the combined resemblance and discrepancy in their accounts, applies with great force to this instance. But the discrepancy is, on the other hand, so considerable, as to allow the unbeliever ground for questioning the accuracy of both.

These discrepancies we cannot deny. Many of the sayings which are related by Matthew as belonging to the Sermon on the Mount, stand in Luke as having been pronounced on other occasions; and although some of these may very well have been repeated, others are of such a character, that we cannot easily imagine them to have been so, at least with that entire or very close verbal sameness. This argument can be felt, only when we examine the passages very attentively one by one.

The general fact,—that we find, namely, many of the parts of the Sermon on the Mount of Matthew, scattered through the Gospel of Luke, as distinct and separate sayings, linked with circumstances and occasions, which account for their being then spoken, have led some commentators, with more facility than judgment to conclude that this so-called Sermon is a composition by the Evangelist in which sayings of different times are collected together in methodical order. But the resemblance, while at the same time there is obviously an entire independence, between Matthew and Luke, and the circumstantialness of the introduction, and the very beautiful and characteristic progress of thought in at least the greater part of it, do without question wholly destroy the possibility of such a hypothesis; and we believe that it is now quite repudiated not only by attentive readers of the Bible in general but especially by those who make the criticism of the New Testament a scientific study.

There is no sufficient reason for questioning that what we have before us was in the main a continuous discourse, as it has from time immemorial been regarded. And this will hold true, even though it appear that some sayings have been incorporated in it which were spoken by Christ not in this, but in another connexion.

According to both the Evangelists, it was addressed to "the multitude," to a miscellaneous assembly of those who sought his instructions. There is something indeed in the introduction of Luke (vi. 12–17) which might seem to give support to an opinion, which some have advanced, that the persons addressed were the twelve Apostles, that it is to be regarded as the discourse which installed them in their functions. But the choice of the twelve, which Luke is thought to mention in this connexion, is spoken of by Matthew (ch. x.) in another connexion, and there those characteristic instructions are given which we must accept as the instructions which were in fact given to them on that occasion. But here there is no trace that the teaching is meant especially for them, but on the contrary it aims at hearers of a very different character, and standing in a very different relation to him. This has led Schleiermacher to conclude that Luke does not intend to speak in this place of the choosing of the twelve to the Apostleship (which he thinks was probably never by an express and formal act done at all, and which if we are to trust Matthew, was certainly not done at this time) but only of choosing them out from the crowd to be his companions on this occasion, and that the phrase "whom also he named Apostles" does not signify that he gave them this name at this time, but refers to a later or former period. Although this ingenious construction can hardly be supported without doing some violence to the language (since if it were the true one we should rather expect "*the* twelve") we may in general say, that it is doubtful at least whether Luke intends to say that the discourse of Jesus was a circumstance following immediately the appointment of the twelve, and that Matthew leads us to a different and much more probable understanding.

With regard to the place where Jesus spake, Luke relates that "he came down with the twelve" from "the mountain" into which he had gone to spend the "night in prayer to God," and "stood in the plain", while Matthew says "he went up into a mountain" and sat down, and spake from thence. This trifling discrepancy is sufficiently explained, if we suppose that he descended from the higher parts of the mountain to its gentler declivities, and that there he sat, while the twelve gathered about him in more confidential conversation and to receive directions from him, and that then he stood up to speak to the people.

We have no date which enables us to fix the time when this event transpired. It was after he had once at least "gone about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues," and it was before the sending out of the Apostles and of the seventy. That which we cannot establish with certainty, we may nevertheless imagine, or with probability suppose. That it was not in the latest part of his ministry will appear from the character of the instructions; and that it was not in the earliest part will appear from the great attention which he had already attracted. That there are no allusions to the hostility of the Pharisees might lead us to suppose that their machinations had not yet commenced; and the "apologetic" character of the explanations may show us that other instructions had already preceded and been misunderstood and needed elucidation. The great crowds that were gathered about him and their peaceful behavior show that he was now not unknown, but that he had not yet come to be regarded as an enemy to the public safety.

It has been suggested, and with considerable probability, at least it is a very interesting hypothesis, that the occasion was his return into Galilee from one of the feasts. The entrance into Capernaum which immediately follows, leads us to infer that he came from another place; and, besides that the great multitudes collected about him are best accounted for by such a hypothesis, the nature of the instructions, imply previous impressions received by them from him, and naturally prompt us to suppose that they had already been in his company for some time. On a journey from Jerusalem, in the mode of the Eastern caravan, there would have been continual opportunity for colloquies, for short admonitions, and fragmentary sayings, addressed to this or that individual, or part of the company, by which interest, wonder, expectation, doubt would have been excited, and a necessity have arisen for a more regular and complete exposition of the nature of that religion he offered them and especially of his relation to the Old Testament, the bearing of the new doctrine on that ancient one, of which they were disciples. Arriving therefore in the neighborhood of Capernaum, where the company would disperse to their several homes, there were sufficient reasons, we may almost say a strong necessity, for this parting address. Matters being so prepared we may conceive the events as thus transpiring. They arrive in the evening. For some reason they conclude not to enter the city, and pitch their tents at the foot of a hill. The Savior retires from the tumult of the company and withdraws into the silence and beauty of the mountain, where the clemency of the climate at most seasons allows one to remain abroad, and where the open sky and solitude were agreeable to his spirit. We are not told that he went up unaccompanied. Several of his more intimate disciples may have been near him or with him. Meanwhile the tidings of his arrival had spread through the neighborhood, and many who had been waiting for him, came, bringing sick persons with them, to the place, and were in expectation of his appearance with the breaking day. In the morning he came down to the more level part of the hill, and was moved with compassion for the sufferers and relieved them, and then calling his twelve especially trusted and beloved disciples to him, held from their midst to the listening people around him and on the plain the memorable discourse.

These circumstances explain the general character of the discourse, which is a transfigured Judaism. The hearers must not be driven from their attachment to the law; but they must be shown what is the spirit of the law, and how they are most truly to observe it. The true Mosaic piety must not be discouraged, but justified in its purest principle and shown to be brighter in this present light. All the virtues of the ancient economy were to be impressed anew according to the perfect idea. That idea, the divine thought, which was at the bottom of the ancient code, was the same which appeared brightly in the new. It was not to be superseded except by being fulfilled. It was to be exhibited in its pure beauty; and it was to be exhibited in its instances. To that *idea*, which glowed darkly in the ancient law, and had been much obscured by tradition, the waiting people were to be led back,—to the idea from the ceremony, to the heart from the outward act. The reference of all to the heart, the tracing of all to the root in the living nature, the prominence given to the disposition as the test of goodness, to the state of the will as the condition of salvation,—this it is which runs through the whole Sermon on the Mount as its characteristic, as we might expect it would characterize the teachings of Christ to such an assembly.

As to the character of the substance of the discourse, so far as it is illustrated by a comparison of the two reports we have of it, I will ask your attention to that in another communication.

G. F. S.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—I do not remember to have seen in your paper any notice of the "Orphan's Advocate," a small and unpretending publication, but devoted to the extension of a great and valuable idea. Somewhat more than a year since, I was requested to subscribe for this paper, and complied, though with a very indistinct conception of the purpose which it was intended to aid. As I have seen that purpose more clearly, I have become more and more interested, and now regard the plan of its editors, the Misses Fellows, as one of the most beautiful, in its simplicity, practical usefulness and Christian spirit, which has ever been presented to the public. The idea of these ladies is this,—that the best way of providing for the orphan is not to place him in a public institution, but in a private family, where he will find father and mother in the place of those he has lost; that this is not only the natural and proper way of providing for orphans, but the natural and proper way in which those to whom God has not granted the blessing of children, may enjoy the happiness and receive the high advantages resulting from the exercise of parental affection and care, in which too even those who have children of their own, may, if their circumstances permit, at once give and receive a blessing. For the furtherance of this idea, these ladies have established their paper, a small monthly sheet, in each number of which is a list of places where children will be received, and of children needing homes, given however in such a manner, as not to betray confidence.—Their office is the general place of reference, and their efforts have been the means of bringing together numbers, respectively childless and orphaned, who now enjoy the pleasures and reap the solid advantages of parental and filial love. They would not under-value the noble benevolence that has erected Orphan Asylums; but they well ask—"Could we be blamed if we labored to remove the need of them in the community! Blamed if our hearts prompted us to seek for the little one, ere its necessities had driven it to the Asylum, rest upon the bosom of a happy family, a home of its own, kind ones whom it might call 'father' and 'mother!'"

The above sentences are taken from the "Annual Circular," published in the January number of their paper, being the commencement of its sixth volume. I would recommend all who feel an interest in such subjects, to procure that circular, which will show them in a brief compass, how much has been done, and how much may and ought to be done. To many of your readers, undoubtedly, these efforts are already familiar. Others, perchance may, in the numerous means of good which are in operation, have overlooked this quiet, but valuable and already highly useful undertaking. Should any such be induced to examine a number of the "Orphan's Advocate," I feel confident their interest in the subject will not stop there.

The office of the paper is on Tremont street, at the southerly corner of Common street.—Terms of subscription One Dollar a year, in advance.

B.

[We wrote several weeks ago, a notice similar to the above, which was crowded out week after week, by other, and, we fear, less important matter. We thank our correspondent for calling attention to the subject.]

[Correspondence of the Christian Register.]

Tremont, Tazewell County, Ill., Jan. 6th, 1847.

Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to offer a few remarks in relation to the subject of Missions, and of the necessity for exertion and zeal in disseminating Unitarian truths in this section of country. You are perhaps aware that this "Colony" was composed principally, if not entirely, of Eastern people, a majority of whom were Unitarians in faith, and are so still; we have been denied the privilege of hearing "the Word" preached to us, except at long intervals, and but for a short season at a time; and for the want of a church and pastor, we must either listen to the anathemas hurled at us by trinitarian theologists, or remain at home. The field here is a wide one for the spread of our views and faith, and it seems to us singular, that the rich societies and individuals in the East do not reflect upon our destitute condition. We have no shepherds for our flock, no fold in which to gather them, but left to the rude and chilling blasts of theological dogmas, that find no response in our bosoms.

Whenever it is our fortune to have preaching, the audience is large and attentive, there is a something in our religion that appeals to the higher, nobler feelings of the nature of man; and could it be permanent, and a house be erected for worship, the seed would fall upon good ground and bring forth much fruit. I am fearful that this portion of our country has been misrepresented to our Eastern brethren and clergy, that it is unhealthy, and the people not prepared to receive the truths which our Church inculcates. This is a great error; no place East or West can have been more favored with health, than has our village, and the spirit of inquiry is abroad, seeking for food that will appease its hungerings after truth. Thus are we situated; and, destitute of the ability to do for ourselves all that is needed, we look for aid from the benevolence of the pious and good of our Order, in the Eastern States.

Our demands are but small, and it would seem that the little pittance by which a church could be established among us, should be granted by our Eastern friends. We know that there are daily calls upon their generosity, and that much is done to disseminate the truths we preach; but cannot *more* be done? Is the zeal of Unitarians to abate, because they have accomplished so great a work? Are the examples of the "fathers" and the apostles, not "to weary in well doing," to be forgotten? We hope not, and trust that the eyes of established, growing and wealthy churches will be turned to this point. A simultaneous collection in the churches of Boston, would go far towards raising funds sufficient to launch our little bark. Some donations of small sums have already been made, and we can of ourselves do something. Should a church be established here, it is thought we could raise from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars per year for the support of a clergyman, depending upon the Board of Missions for further assistance to reward the "laborer."—During the past summer, the Rev. Dr. Thompson was with us several Sabbaths, and could his labors have been continued, they would undoubtedly have accomplished much good.

In the choice of a clergyman, we ask for one of deep and earnest piety, zealous of good works and warm hearts.

There are two trinitarian churches built in our village—Baptist and Episcopalian, and Presbyterian preaching nearly every Sabbath in our school house. The denomination of Campbellites or Christians are many of them Unitarians, and are quite numerous in our County. They have no steady meetings nor a church in our village. A clergyman could live as well here on five hundred dollars, as he could in Boston on double this amount; and that is what we desire our minister to receive, should we be so fortunate as to procure any.

The fact that many of us came from the Old Bay State, and worshipped at the same altar, is an excuse, if one is necessary, for asking aid of our friends there; we are of the same household. Extend then to us an helping hand, and give unto us of your abundance.

Yours, J.

For the Register.

REFLECTIONS.

We have been distinctly admonished, again and again, that the occasional state of the mind, in regard to excitement of an apparently religious character, when it proceeds from pressure of trouble of any kind in our worldly condition, is not to be taken as an evidence of the true character—as an evidence of one's real goodness in the sight of God. The effect therefore of fervid supplications may not be answerable to the expectations of the suppliant. He judges of his claim to be heard from his moments of deepest religious feeling—corresponding to his moments of deepest worldly anguish. It is not so much the repentant sinner who asks relief as the suffering dependant, who, for the time, is conscious that he has no ground of hope but in God.

He is surprised when he obtains no essential benefit and no sense of comfort. But it is not to be wondered at. He will be heard, without doubt, by a merciful God. *But his ways are not our ways nor his thoughts our thoughts. He* better knows what course of moral discipline is required by the sufferer than the sufferer himself. Instead, therefore, of marks of instantaneous mercy and favor administered in the precise form desired, God takes, perhaps, another mode of answering the suppliant. If, on the contrary, he obtained just what he wished at the moment, his precise moral and religious state might be considered by him as altogether acceptable to his Heavenly Father, while in truth there was good cause to believe it not to be so. The heart might therefore become hardened by success so ill deserved, and he less concerned to be religiously scrupulous; having once obtained favor from a single ebullition of devout feeling.

Let not, however, the sufferer be discouraged by the apparent neglect in which he is left. He will, at least, have evidence of the positive efficacy of prayer in the tranquilizing effect, which always ensues upon experiencing a real sense of dependance on God. For this is ever accompanied by a feeling of his power and benevolence. Let him then continue to repeat his supplications when in distress, and at all times; not for specific blessings, but rather for such support, aid and favor, as God may see to be best for him.—And he will have, habitually, a sense of God's certain protection, direction, and merciful consideration of his faults and infirmities. *Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good.*

Who that is habitually patient but sees and feels how wretched is the state of that man, who is habitually impatient! Who is the just man but thinks he would not live under the reproaches of his conscience were he an unjust man! Who that is merciful but feels that he would be miserable were he unmerciful! Who that is charitable but feels that he could not lift up his eyes for favor to God, with any hope, if he were habitually uncharitable, slanderous and hard-hearted! Being conformed in his spirit to God, and thus approaching near unto him, he realizes how vain and absurd are the hopes of heaven on the part of those, who take pleasure in indulging feelings so little akin to religious faithfulness.

There are professing christians who very rarely, perhaps, do a wrong act deliberately, who find themselves capable of dwelling, not without pleasure, on the faults of others. They admit or find within themselves, a complacency of feeling on hearing of an occurrence of misfortune to a fellow being! They tell a slanderous story of another with some satisfaction! This is debasing, wicked! It is corrupt and hateful! To take pleasure at all—to relish, in any measure, what is hurtful or distressing to another, is evidence that the heart is not right, and there can be no in-dwelling of religion there. If God were in all our thoughts—*if it were our meat to do his will—if we loved our neighbor as ourselves*, we should not be capable of such things—they would be abhorrent to us.

And are we not, then, some will say, to indulge in the little pleasantness, which have for their object the foibles of society, and which give almost all the zest to our social meetings and fireside conversations? Are no allowances to be made for ebullitions of temper—for occasional surprises into wrong doing when our consciences are drowsy? Much of all this, in our state of imperfection is venial, no doubt, in the sight of God. And very many who are on their way, in a steady career of improvement, will charge themselves justly with such things.

But there is a great difference between being amused by the ridiculous, and surprised into merriment by the sudden happening of odd accidents, which are attended even with pain, or suffering of some kind to the individual concerned, and being deliberately pleased and gratified by an event that mars the happiness, or in any manner impairs the well being of another; or, much more, in permitting ourselves to be instrumental, directly or indirectly, in any act by which injury is intended to be inflicted. The sum of the whole matter is this—that he who expects to have his prayers answered immediately or directly, must live strictly in communion with God, and see him in a spiritual sense face to face. He can wish for nothing right in itself, that God will not grant.

For the Register.

PRESBYTERIAN AND THE RECORDER.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in your last Journal some just animadversions on the cavils of the Recorder in relation the religious society now worshipping in Chapman Hall. With the illiberal and unchristian spirit of the writer of those remarks, I have no sympathy or concern; and it has already received in "The World" its merited rebuke. I would only say a word of the ignorance he also betrays. "Learning," says the ingenious Dr. Jortin, "has a beautiful sister called moderation; and ignorance we may add, has a very ugly one called bigotry. And had the author of that cavilling notice been better instructed, he might not have fallen into the uncharitableness you condemn. Because the term Presbyterianism was used in some connexion with the services of Chapman Hall, he seems to have looked for nothing there but Calvinistic teaching. He should have known that the term Presbyterian has reference only to Church Government or outward discipline, and has no necessary connection with articles of belief. So far is it true, as he ignorantly asserts, that Arianism and Presbyterianism cannot exist together, that most of the old Arian and Unitarian Churches in England and Ireland are designated, and hold their deeds of possession by that name. Reference has already been made to "The Presbytery of Antrim and the Remonstrant Synod of Ulster, as avowedly Arian and Unitarian in creed, but Presbyterian in their Church Discipline; and accordingly in a Petition addressed by the Unitarian Dublin Congregations to Parliament in 1844, praying for protection of their property, &c., we find these words,

"That the said two Congregations of Strand-street and Eustace-street were originally founded by English Nonconformists, and formed constituent parts of the Southern Presbytery of Dublin, which having from its formation agreed in the same fundamental principles with the Presbytery of Munster, became incorporated with that body in the year 1809, under the name of the Southern Association or Synod of Munster; and that the fundamental principles of the said Presbyteries previous to such union, and of said Synod since, have ever been, the taking the Bible alone as the rule of faith and practice, the rejection of all creeds and articles drawn up by uninspired men, the recognition of the right of private judgment, guaranteeing to every congregation and individual in communion with the said Synod the right from time to time to change their opinion on controverted points of doctrine, so often as conscience and conviction may dictate, and, notwithstanding such change, to continue in full communion with the said Synod, and in possession of all their Presbyterian and Congregational rights and properties."

It is evident, therefore, beyond dispute, that Presbyterianism and Unitarianism with its broadest Catholicism may co-exist; and when the writer in the Recorder undertakes again to utter his condemnation, we recommend that he first inform himself of the matter he presumes to treat.

Yours,

A Lover of Charity.

For the Register.

SOCIETY IN WESTFORD.

Mr. Editor:—The Unitarian Society in Westford have repaired and remoddled their meeting-house the past season, and made it a neat and convenient place for public worship. The alterations in the house have been planned and executed by the young men of the Society. The laudable zeal they have manifested in preparing this comfortable place for religious worship gives reason to hope, they will persevere in their exertions, till they have obtained a faithful pastor, and enjoy the divine blessing through a constant ministration of the ordinances of the Gospel.

The Ladies of the Parish with praise-worthy exertions prepared a Fair, by which they obtained means for furnishing the house.

The house was dedicated to God, for his worship, through the Gospel of his Son on the 7th inst., by appropriate and very interesting services. The sermon, preached by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton, was of a high order, and gave an impressive view of the duty and benefits of public worship. The dedicating prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Chelmsford, and was appropriate, solemn, and impressive. The music, performed by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Prescott, their distinguished leader, added much to the interest of the occasion.

The day was very rainy; and yet there was a large assembly of the Parish, and other citizens, and persons from other towns.

Westford, Jan. 30, 1847.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Report on the Trees and Shrubs growing naturally in the Forests of Massachusetts. Published agreeably to an order of the Legislature. By George B. Emerson.

We suppose that this work possesses great merit for its scientific arrangement, and the accurate descriptions it contains, of the trees and shrubs growing naturally in the State. But we have no scientific knowledge of the matter, and have been obliged to read and judge of the book, merely as one of the people, seeking information. And we can truly say, that we have found it exceedingly pleasant reading, and that we expect, in our small experience, to profit by its suggestions. We have already derived a good deal of valuable information from it, in regard to the character, habit, and uses of trees. It must be useful to the farmer, to all dealers and workers in wood, to tanners and physicians, and to all who would use trees and shrubs as an ornament about their grounds. We do hope that it may be the means of calling the attention of our country people to the subject. Our hills and fields are every year becoming more naked.—Land, which can be made so profitable in no other way as in the production of trees, is thoughtlessly stript of its natural ornament and protection, and left barren and unsightly. The cultivation or the preservation of forests is a subject to which scarcely any attention has been paid.

The picturesque beauty of trees, their influence on climate, their effect as a shelter from sun and wind when judiciously planted, *singly* or in clumps, over a farm, the adaptation of particular trees to particular kinds of soil or to particular purposes, whether for ornament or use, are subjects of great practical interest, on which many valuable hints may be gained from the book before us, even where such formal instruction is not given.

We hope that a work prepared at the cost of so much time and labor, and containing so much full and accurate information, *everywhere* applicable, may, by the liberality of the legislature, be placed within the reach of all who would profit by it. Every public library and every school district should be furnished with a copy. If one or two persons in each town, or even half a dozen persons in each county, would only study it thoroughly, and be induced by it to use their eyes and their minds in their daily walks, and to apply their knowledge, talk upon the subject with their neighbors, and induce them also to use their eyes and their hands, a new interest might be awakened through the state, and the people everywhere by the judicious cultivation, preservation and destruction of trees, would add greatly to the beauty and value of their lands.

We like the spirit of the book. It is hopeful and bright. The style is transparent. The suggestions are judicious. We have found but two suggestions that we should venture to question. The maples, it says, p. 483, "whenever transplanted, should not have their heads or branches lopped, as they recover very slowly from such wounds." Now our own limited experience, and the testimony of others whose experience has been larger, would go to show, that the maple after transplanting is very slow of growth for several years, unless its head is cut off, and that even where nearly the whole trunk is amputated, new shoots grow with remarkable rapidity and vigor. On p. 455, Mr. Emerson says of the black cherry, that as it is "more than almost any other fruit

trees, subject to the ravages of caterpillars, it might thus be a protection to cultivated trees by inviting the butterfly from them to itself." But is not this a little like placing tainted meat in contact with the fresh, that it may attract the flies to itself! Do not these wild cherry trees breed vast numbers of caterpillars, which after they have stript them, go to the cultivated trees to finish their meal!

But we like the book, and believe it fitted to be eminently useful by diffusing information and awakening a pure, simple and elegant taste among our people. We only wonder how Mr. Emerson, amid his many cares and duties, could have found time to prepare it.

THE UNITARIAN, No. 8.

We are always glad to call the attention of our readers to this cheap and unpretending Monthly, which is made up of choice articles from foreign Unitarian Periodicals.

LECTURE ON HOME-PREPARATION FOR SCHOOLS, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction. By Jason Whitman.

A plain, straight-forward, sensible discourse, of which in conformity to a vote of the Institute, five thousand copies have been printed "for gratuitous distribution." Copies may be obtained of Ticknor & Co., 135 Washington street.

ADDRESS delivered before the Newburyport Female High School, Dec. 19, 1846. By Andrew P. Peabody—with the annual report of the Principal.

We wish that all young ladies could read this excellent address on Conversation—beginning with the smallest suggestions and rising to the most important views of the subject. There is a closer connection than is usually supposed between our language and our characters. We have sometimes thought, that grammatical purity and certainly an unexaggerated simplicity of speech, is in those who have enjoyed but moderate opportunities of instruction, no mean index of character.

THE ANGLO SAXSUN.

We have received the first three numbers of this Phonotypic paper, and find that we are able to read it with little difficulty. It would undoubtedly be a gain, if the reform it proposes could be carried through.

THE HOME JOURNAL. By Morris & Willis.

We like this paper much. It has life and grace, and is altogether a very entertaining journal, while in more weighty matters it is not deficient.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE, 142.

This excellent work, full of good things, wisely selected and of most Catholic spirit, comes regularly to hand, and is always gladly received.

OBITUARIES.

We do hope that the following unexaggerated notice of a life rich in generous deeds and in the encouragement and instructions which it leaves behind, will not be lightly passed over. Let the example of that good man have its quickening influence on the hearts and lives of others. Not for his sake, but for our own, should we cherish his memory.

For the Register.

WILLIAM POMROY.

William Pomroy who recently died at Cambridge, had lived three score and ten years, and had completed the full measure of work and duty that period. Mr. Pomroy was a man of strongly marked character, and had led a life of remarkable faithfulness. He gave the world such a rare lesson of untiring devotion to the interests of mankind and an uncompromising obedience to duty, that it is worth while to read it once more before the book of his earthly life is closed forever.

He was born and spent the greater number of his years in Northfield. His primary and permanent occupation was that of a farmer; but he was connected, at different times, with various other employments. He entered upon every undertaking with such keen foresight, he laid his plans with such cautious wisdom and then he carried them out with such unfaltering energy, that every thing prospered in his hands. He thus gained the confidence of all who knew him or were associated with him, as a man of singular sagacity, in all matters of business. And he conducted all these, with such scrupulous fidelity towards those, who trusted him, and such honesty toward all, who dealt with him, that they relied upon him with implicit trust. By this faithful use of his energies and his opportunities, Mr. Pomroy acquired large wealth for that region; and by his integrity, he established himself in the confidence of the community.

All this worldly prosperity was to him a new obligation of duty, as well as increased means of usefulness. Simple in his own habits of life, with few personal wants, and no desire of merely hoarding his gains, he had thus ample means of doing good to his fellows. But he early thought, that the gift of money, should have a higher and more abiding effect than the mere relief of present want or difficulty, and therefore, that pecuniary aid should be administered, in such a manner, as to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of the cause. He therefore, in his private and abundant charities, gave in such a way as to encourage to greater exertion, and lent his aid, in such a way, as to develop resources then dormant in the recipient, or to carry him through the present trial, and to put him in a position, where he could stand by himself. It pleased him to assist those, who had almost, but not quite, means to carry out their proper plans in life, especially the young and the feeble, who were struggling or even faltering in a path where they otherwise might have fallen. But in all these kindnesses, he lent or he gave, not to spare their exertions for themselves, but to encourage them to persevere, and to put forth new energies, and if he found, that his aid palsied their efforts or was in any degree, an encouragement to idleness, he withheld his hand, and did no more.

In his larger charities, in his gifts to the public and to societies, unless he was sure, that their purpose was the best and highest, he made conditions, in order to ensure the greatest good from his bounty. He had no intention merely to save men the burden of taxation. He supposed that every people, and every generation could, by its own exertion, sustain itself, as the law required. But he saw that poverty and ignorance went hand in hand, and that both were very frequently hereditary. The pauper's children too often inherited their father's ignorance and helplessness; and, if they ever went from the almshouse, they rarely became independent and useful citizens, but generally led a life of poverty, often of want and at last returned to finish their days, at their pauper home. Mr. Pomroy believed, that this hereditary poverty was the result of early neglect and of the want of that education, which more favored children receive, but which the pauper parent could not give. When, therefore, he gave to his native town a house and a farm to sustain and employ the poor, he affixed the condition, that every pauper child should be sent to school, at least eight months in a year, until he should be fourteen years of age; and then he should be placed in some good family, where he should be faithfully taught some trade, handicraft or other employment, by which he could support himself respectably through life; and that the town should be his guardian and watch over him, until he attained the legal age to assume his own responsibility; and thus he provided that the town should educate him to be a self-sustaining man and a good citizen.

The parish in Northfield was not a very large one, none too large for one house and one minister; and yet there was a division, not of doctrine nor of plans of worship, but in regard to persons. Two societies were formed, which became more and more alienated; Christians were jealous; and friends were separated. Finding that this rather increased than decreased, and that true religion and general charity would quail beneath the rivalry of opposing churches, Mr. Pomroy offered the two societies five thousand dollars for a fund, provided they should both unite and worship in one church, and settle a minister, who should be acceptable to all. They united and now meet together, as before they were divided.

The old meeting house was fast decaying, and it was time, that another should rise in its stead. But this would be a greater burden than the parish could be persuaded to bear. Mr. Pomroy then offered to build a church of any size, or on any plan, that the parish, by its committee should designate, provided, that the cost should be assessed upon the pews, and these pews be sold, and then the proceeds invested and kept as a fund for the support of the minister forever.

When he made this offer, at a parish meeting, the people very cautiously referred the matter to a committee who should report at an adjourned meeting. Mr. Pomroy had matured the whole plan, and imagined, that the proposal would be be accepted at once. He felt somewhat grieved at the delay, and said to his family, what probably very few men have had occasion to say, "I never found any difficulty in making money, but I do find difficulty in giving it away." The parish accepted his offer at the next meeting.

When he put into the hands of the late Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., one thousand dollars for the use of the theological school at Cambridge, he made no conditions, for he was convinced, that it would be applied to the most satisfactory use there.

About eight years ago, Mr. Pomroy, wearied with his life of incessant action, felt the weight of declining years; and wishing to rest from all worldly care and labor, gave up his farm and all connection with business, and moved to Cambridge, to live with his children. But there he saw, that the public common in the centre of the village, a mere barren waste, might be made a place of beauty and loveliness, to gladden the eye of the citizen and travellers, and be the resort of the people. Immediately he gave and raised funds for the improvement, and was soon at work, with all his former energy, enriching this earth and embellishing it with trees.

I have mentioned a few of Mr. Pomroy's manifold acts of charity, which seemed to him matters of duty rather than of will, the rather to show his practical wisdom in gaining the greatest good for the recipients of his bounty than to bespeak his praises. These he ever shunned in life. What he could do in secret he did so, and it would be out of place here to do otherwise.

He believed, that there was a heavy responsibility attached to wealth, and that as God had given him a larger energy and prosperity, so he had laid upon him a larger duty of doing good. He considered himself merely as God's almoner, to relieve others' necessities, to develop their powers and assist their feeble steps. He thought, moreover, that duty did not end with giving, but this should be so done as to increase the permanent virtue as well as the present comfort of those he aided.

His last years he spent in the calm quietness of his own family, devoting himself to his friends, to his religious contemplation and the hope of mankind. He looked forward to his approaching death, with the same calmness and satisfaction, that he had gone through life, and when his hour was come, his spirit was ready for another scene of employment and happiness beyond the grave. E. J.

We deeply regretted that it was not in our power sooner to furnish some fitting notice of the Rev. Mr. Fenner. Our personal acquaintance with him was too slight, to allow us to undertake it. A notice in the Register, of his poems, several months ago, shows how highly we valued them, as indicating a mind of peculiar grace and purity. We closed our remarks then, by expressing the hopes we entertained of his success in a more sacred calling. He lived long enough to leave the impress of his character, but not of his mind, on the hearts of his friends. In the purity of his heart, in the simplicity and fidelity of his life, they know what he was, but can only conjecture what he might have been in intellectual gifts and attainments. We regret the less our own ability to do what should have been done sooner, since we have received the following notices, the first written for the Register by one who knew him well, the other taken from the Providence Journal.

REV. CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

Born in Providence, R. I., December, 30th, 1822.
Died in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 3d, 1847.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Happy to the living is the memory of every instance of triumphant faith. Every event of Providence is a lesson of benignity and love, hard indeed sometimes to learn, but still a gracious and heavenly lesson to those who have been taught, and are ever learning in the school of Christ. The friends of the late Mr. Fenner, while they bow in submission to that will which has terminated their sympathies and hopes in regard to him, would be grateful for the embodiment of his character, which by the same ordaining and sanctifying will it is permitted them to cherish in their minds.

He possessed a strong and capacious mind, and it was this which gave distinctness and individuality to his character. The vigor and elasticity of his mental powers were remarkable, and while they seemed to call for a proportionably intense exercise, more, doubtless, than his physical powers, less endowed, could adequately sustain, they gave a corresponding nobleness and magnanimity to all his sentiments and affections. The best thoughts of other men, whether obtained from reading or from familiar intercourse, were laid up as treasures in his memory; and the facility with which he availed himself of these thoughts gave a singular interest and value to his conversation. The appositeness and beauty of his language were coincident with the versatility and comprehensiveness of his ideas. His mind was familiar with the pages of classical literature, with ancient and modern history, civil and ecclesiastical, and his theoretical knowledge of all that pertains to painting and music, sculpture and architecture, was extensive.

His social, benevolent and religious affections were of a like liberal spirit with his mental acquisitions. He was impatient of any restraint upon the principle of progress which he believed to be of divine appointment. He had a discriminating view of the relative value of the outward and the inward, the ceremonial and the spiritual. The inward and spiritual were all in all with him, for they alone could reach and give sustenance to the soul. Whatever tended to give animation and warmth to the devotional sentiments, the beautiful and majestic in nature and art, the inspirations of genius as manifested in the graceful flow of numbers, or the harmonious flow of sounds—these all held a welcome and large place in his affections.

His "Poems of many moods" a title not inaptly chosen, as indicating the discipline occasioned by sickness, disappointment and affliction, the "manifold mysteries," through which the latter portion of his life was passed, show the versality of his mind, and the ease and grace with which he could pass from the liveliest to the profoundest subjects of thought.

He was accustomed to entertain hopeful views of humanity, and trusted in the establishment upon the earth of the kingdom of Christ in all its simplicity and purity and beauty and power.

To Brown University belongs the honor of having educated this gifted young man. And she never had greater reason to be proud of her sons than when he took his degree in 1842. His oration on that occasion, distinguished for manliness of thought and elegance of diction, excited the best hopes in regard to his future usefulness.

His Theological studies were pursued at Cambridge. His public exercises in the pulpit were characterized by independence, energy and devotion, and were listened to with the deepest interest. These were not many times repeated, and were often interrupted by his own ill health, and the sickness and death of a parent justly dear to him, whose grave bears alike the memorial of the father's virtues and of the son's filial homage.

The hopes of happiness to himself which he had cherished, and of usefulness to others which he had excited, were, by the will of Heaven, to be but of short duration. From the island of Cuba he journeyed home through the sunny south and the salubrious west, where in the beautiful city of Cincinnati, the Providence of God summoned him to utter his last words in his Master's service and to finish the work which had been given him to do. A generous and devoted people did what they could to smooth the pillow of sickness, and by their confidence in his truthfulness, and affection for his earnestness, gave a steadfastness to his faith and hope which made his last hours, hours of Christian peace and submission.

His body rests on the banks of the Ohio. His dust mingles with the ashes of strangers. But his memory lies deep in the hearts of all who whether here or there, afar off or near at hand, are one in Christ. His spirit has returned to God the faithful guardian of the dead, the ever-present guide of the living. He has "flung off" the changing "Robe of life" and put on the immutable "one of Immortality." H.

"The high-minded youth of a community constitute its noblest wealth. Their death is its greatest loss. Their memory is its sacred trust.

The friends of GEORGE FENNER, need no words of public eulogium, no narrative of the touching circumstances of his sickness and death, to impress them with a sense of his worth and their loss. Through the columns of this journal, which from childhood he was accustomed to peruse, our community will receive with interest a simple statement of his characteristics.

A glance at his countenance and bearing might have revealed to a sagacious observer, the elements of his nature, and given a presentiment of his destiny. From his forehead and eye, clear intellect, deep and delicate sentiment beamed forth. If his complexion and form gave at first an impression of a nature too tender and fragile for great manly energy, the impression vanished the moment that his speech and bearing, so full of masculine decision, were observed. Then the fear could not but arise, that the mind was too much for the body, and that the tree of high growth and luxuriant life had been planted in a vase too delicate to contain its expansive force.

George Fenner was eminently an intellectual man. His enjoyments and recreations were of an intellectual stamp. His conversation turned most readily upon the great thinkers of our race, and upon the leading ideas set in motion by them, for the advancement of humanity. He was an enthusiastic student, especially of history and philosophy. Some of his friends once feared that his love of such pursuits might interfere with the proper life of the affections and due practical efficacy in the world.

But how little he yielded the danger of sacrificing the heart to the critical understanding, his recent developments have shown full well. The spirit which he has manifested in the pursuits of the sacred profession, and expressed so fervently in his poems, is touching evidence of the compass of his affections. The little volume of his poems is fitly named "Of Many Moods." Devotion, resignation, humility, appear there in beautiful relation with social kindness, love of nature, humanity, freedom.

He united in remarkable strength, two elements of character that are not often found in unison. He had much of the spirit of reform, the sense of individual independence, much of that impatience of dictation, which is no strange thing in this his native state; and at the same time, he cherished the most earnest spirit of devotion, and enjoyed more and more communion with those writers, who make all the shows of the world of no account in comparison with a divine life within the soul. He loved to hear a fervent oration on moral reform, and was no less charmed with an old Catholic hymn. He revered the free and spiritual mind of Channing, and felt his soul moved to its depths by the meditations of Thomas a Kempis, who was the favorite companion of his devotional hours. How well he could understand and sympathise with the free Protestant spirit, all may know who have read his poem on "Montanus," the forerunner of Luther by more than a thousand years. That he was no destructive—that he loved all that was spiritual and devout in the early christian ages, is equally obvious from those of his poems of which the most hallowed of the ancient chants give the sentiment and something of the form. He was at once free and reverent, bold and devout.

His choice was taken, and aimed to combine the elements of character already described. He had decided to labor with all his strength for the progress of Christianity in its practical force, moral strictness and spiritual majesty. He had resolved to be no speculative intellectualist—no dreamy sentimentalist, but a man of devoted Christian action, consecrating all his powers and attainments to the duties of his office. His sermons, alike in their character and reception, proved his success. In him the Christian Church has lost a servant full of promise, though of few years. Our own community has been bereaved of an ornament second in value to none among our youth of this generation.

George Fenner's remains are to rest on the banks of the Ohio, near the people who had called him to be their Pastor, who had watched over him in sickness, and were soon doomed to bear him to the grave. Few of us may ever visit the spot. But who of us, as we read the inscription on the father's tombstone here, will not, from more causes than one, think of the son who placed it there, and bless the memory of them both. The inscription is this.

His creed was Christ; His religion, Love.
He hoped ever: Had faith in God and Man, and his own Soul.
He stood in the foremost line of his own age.
And when he died, but passed from strength to strength.

[Providence Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. On Wednesday of last week, the House of Representatives of this State rejected the resolution appropriating $20,000 for the benefit of the Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, by a vote of 191 nays to 47 yeas.—The Ohio House of Assembly, by a vote of 43 to 12, passed resolutions instructing her Senators and requesting her representatives to sustain the Wilmot Proviso in relation to the prohibition of Slavery in all territory that may be acquired from Mexico.—*Great robbery.* Between Saturday night and Monday morning, the store, corner of Milk and Washington streets, occupied by Currier & Trott, jewellers, was robbed of $15,000 worth of valuable goods. The thieves, to all appearance, went to work with great deliberation, and selected only the choicest articles.—Hon. Geo. Lunt has been chosen representative from Newburyport, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Col. Caleb Cushing.—It is stated that the Count of Lutzow, the Ambassador of Austria in Rome, has been sent there on an especial mission, the object of which is to induce the head of the Jesuits to recall the members of that order who are now in Switzerland. This voluntary withdrawal has appeared to the Austrian government the only means of putting an end to the civil war now raging in the Cantons.—The lower gallery of the Louvre has been appropriated entirely for the reception of the ruins supposed to be of the city of Ninevah, recently brought to France in the Cormoran. It will hereafter be known by the name of *Salle de Ninive.*—Monroe Edwards, known from his crimes through the whole country, died on Friday morning in the Sing Sing prison, New York. His disease was originally, it was said, of the lungs. He has been delirious for the last three weeks, and he finally died in much agony a raving maniac.—Mr. Jonathan Snelling, long a master in the public schools in this city, died on Saturday night at the age of 78 years.—This city and vicinity was visited, Wednesday night with a *very* violent rain storm from the N. E.—A report has come via Baltimore that the Mexican Congress have voted to accept propositions for peace and receive a Minister. The news is "too good to be true," we fear. The report is not credited.—The valley of the Penobscot has been visited with one of the most severe snow-storms ever known *even in that region.* It occurred on 29th and 30th ult.—This week has been very barren of news, from Washington or Mexico.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1847.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE. The Regents, after many long and perplexing sessions, have come to a conclusion, both in regard to the plan of the building to be erected, and the amount of expenditures to be made. The plan of buildings is of the old Lombard Norman style of architecture, and Mr. Renwick has the honor of proposing the successful plan. It has been chosen with a view to economy of room and to expenditures; but two hundred thousand dollars is the supposed amount of expenditure, and contractors are ready to make the contract at the price estimated by the architect.

The third floor, or second above the basement, is to be set apart for the Museum, and the floor below to the Library and Lecture Rooms. I have seen the plan, and think that it will command general approbation. The Regents were limited, by an act of Congress, to an expenditure of $240,000, and this forbids the execution of any plan merely gorgeous and expensive.

The question in regard to the Library and Philosophical Apparatus, has been so far compromised that the expenditures for these two objects are to be divided—one half of the interest income for books, and one half for a good philosophical apparatus.

All preliminary business touching the character of the institution, its purposes and plans, and expenditures, is now disposed of, and early in the Spring it is probable that the work will commence by the execution of contracts.

The Regents appropriated $2000 for publishing a volume on Architecture, embracing the plans submitted for the buildings, of which there are a great many. [N. Y. Express.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN ENGLAND. In the year 1812, there were in the British Islands only 1021 Congregational churches. In the year 1835, there were 1921. In the year 1841, there were 2449. So that the number has more than doubled, between the dates of 1812 and 1841. And if that ratio of increase has continued, the number is now three fold of what it was at the first date.

INCREASE OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH. The "Fourth Annual report of the Incorporated Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto," Canada, states that there has been an increase of eighty-one new churches in that diocese, built since 1839, at which time Toronto was erected into a separate diocese.

The Secretary of the State of Ohio says there are 50,000 persons in that State who can neither read nor write. One-half of the adult population of England and Wales are unable to write their own names! And this ignorance is not among the aged only: out of 735,788 persons married in three years, ending with 1841, 303,836 signed the marriage register with a *mark* only! And it is even worse in France. According to the official returns it appears that ten millions of francs are expended annually in the means of instruction, and yet 17,000,000 of the people can neither read nor write!

COLONIZATION. The American Colonization Society held its 13th annual meeting, on the 19th inst., at Washington City. It appears from the Report, that the Society is increasing in public estimation, and prosecuting its work with success. Four vessels of emigrants have been sent to Africa the past year. A tract of land, 90 miles in extent along the coast, has been secured, and negotiation is in progress for more. The last Board of Directors proposed to the Colony that they should undertake the management of their own affairs, and they voted to accept the proposition, and have called for a Convention to draft a Constitution. The receipts of the Society for the past year, have been $39,900 02.

THE EVER GREEN PINE. Hill's N. H. Patriot says a pine tree was cut upon the land of Mr. Philip Flanders, in Hopkinton, measuring 7 feet through at the butt, and 107 feet long. It had also three prongs each nearly 4 feet through. It was estimated that the whole tree would saw from 7 to 8000 feet of lumber.

GREAT TELEGRAPHIC EXPERIMENT. New Haven was put in telegraphic communication with Toronto, Upper Canada, recently and messages were instantly exchanged between the two cities.

The route is via New York, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, and then crossing the Niagara River below the Falls, passes round Lake Ontario to Toronto, the entire distance being *nine hundred miles!* The experiment was a most successful one, and the distance was overcome with as much apparent ease and promptness as between New Haven and Hartford. It was the longest distance ever traversed by the lightning in a continuous unbroken line. [New Haven Herald, 28th.

Some idea may be formed of the density of business operations in New York—the closeness with which every part of the city is packed in which business is carried on, by examining a single building. We will take for example the narrow four-story building 111 Nassau st. which is cut up into numberless apartments so small as scarcely to afford breathing room. In this building there is the printing and publication office of the Sunday Atlas, the Christian Intelligencer, the Youth's Cabinet, the Temperance Union, the Gazette of the Union, the Magazine of the Republic, the Volunteer, the Willow, the Calvary Token, the book office of Piercy & Howell, the job office of Searing & Cook, a stereotyper, a lithographer, a copper-plate printer, six lawyers, an oyster-cellar, two washer-women, a day worker; all conducted by separate individuals, having not the least interest in common.

The Paris *Siecle*, alluding to the recent census of the population of Paris, observes: The census of 1846 shows that the population of this capital now amounts to 1,353,097 souls, and that of the department of the Seine 1,356,907. The census of 1841 gave 1,181,425 as the population of this Department—that of 1836, 1,106,000—and that of 1832, 935,000. In the first five years, therefore, the increase of population has been at the rate of 19 per cent; in the second, 7 per cent.; and from 1841 to 1846, about 15 per cent. The Department of the Seine now contains 422,000 souls more than it did in 1832. The increase of population in Paris so greatly exceeds the regulations that seem to govern the rest of France, that it can only be explained by supposing an emigration from the provinces to the capital, an influx that is, more or less, controlled by circumstances. We can easily conceive that this influx became quite an overflow after the troubles of 1830, 1831, and 1832. From 1836 to 1841, the population seems to have remained comparatively stationary, and the increase of population was comparatively less sensible. From 1841 to 1846, on the other hand, the great railways, extending as they have the radius of supply, have caused a great increase.—Should this actual proportion of increase be maintained, in twenty years more, Paris and its suburbs will contain a population of two millions. That enormous assemblage of men, interests, houses, denominated London, may then find itself equalled. The era of great cities and enormous capitals will be celebrated with great eclat. Thus is demonstrated the facilities presented by civilization to our Government, for assembling and maintaining, without confusion or apparent disorder, now a million and a half, and soon two millions of men, within the same walls.

*** At a meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College on Thursday, Rev. S. K. Lothrop was chosen a member of the board in place of Rev. Dr. Brazer.

*** A communication from Grafton has been unintentionally omitted but will appear next week.

*** Mr. Leonard J. Livermore has received an invitation to become pastor of the Unitarian Society, East Boston.

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j16 tf

☞ FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, will meet on Monday, Feb 8, at the house of Rev Mr Bridge in Bernardston.
f6 By order of the Scribe.

☞ REV. J. M. SPEAR will lecture next Sunday in the Unitarian Church in Leicester, on the Causes of Crime, and the Proper Treatment of Criminals.

☞ REV CHARLES SPEAR will preach in the Unitarian Church in Littleton, the second Sabbath in February. f6

☞ The Religious Society lately formed in this city under the direction of Rev Wm H. Channing, will meet hereafter at Washingtonian Hall, in Bromfield st, (a few doors from Washington st.) every Sunday *afternoon*, at the usual hour of public services. j16

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Thomas Higgins of Boston, to Miss Catharine A. Lawler, of Eastport, Me.

31st ult., by Rev. E. H. Chapin, Mr. Charles Allen to Miss Priscilla W. Stephens, both of this city.

In Danvers, on Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Appleton, Mr. Daniel Warren of Boston, to Miss Mary E. daughter of Mr. Benjamin Goodrich, of D.

DEATHS.

In this city, 1st inst., Eliza, aged 2 years and 10 months, youngest daughter of Joel M. and Elizabeth S. Holden.

2d inst., Dea. Nathaniel Emmes, a revolutionary pensioner, 86.

2d inst., Mrs. Sarah Ann, wife of Mr. John Barnes, 31.

31st ult., Mr. Jonathan Snelling, 78.

30th ult., Luther Peabody, jr., 34.

In Cambridge, 26th ult, suddenly, Edwin Francis, son of Andrew B. and Abigail S. Harlow, 5 years and 6 months.—28th ult, at the residence of Rev R. M. Hodges, Miss Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Rev Zedekiah Sanger, D.D. of Bridgewater, 49.

NEW MUSIC BOOK. 'THE SACRED LYRIST.' Just published by W. J. REYNOLDS & CO., 20 Cornhill.

The Sacred Lyrist, or Singer's Third Book, designed to follow Singer's First and Second Books in adult schools, and for church, social and private worship.—This work contains 84 tunes, 60 of which are original, 25 select pieces, and 20 chants: in all 101 pages for 25 cents. This will enable choirs to furnish themselves with new music at trifling expense.

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In this series of books, prepared by J. & H. Bird, an attempt has been made to commence with elementary principles, and to advance by such gradual and easy steps that the pupil would understand and read, instead of learning by rote. The want of such books has long been felt, and it is believed that many who have only learned tunes by rote, may by these books become readers of this delightful language.

Clergymen, teachers and others wishing copies for examination, will be furnished without charge, by applying as above. f6

THE BLESSINGS OF SICKNESS. A selection from the Works of Buckminster, in a neat miniature volume.

Just published and for sale at SIMPKINS'S, 94 Washington street. f6

NOS. 232 and 233 Tracts of the American Unitarian Association.

God's Commandments and Man's Traditions, by Rev Henry A. Niles; price 3 cents.

Theology and Religion, by Rev George W. Burnap; price 3 cents.

***The subscribers will supply the Tracts of the A. U. A. at very low prices, and where quantities are wanted for distribution a liberal discount will be made.—Lists of the Tracts will be furnished to any persons who may desire them.

Those at a distance can be supplied by mail at a slight expense for postage.

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f6 118 Washington st.

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Published, and for sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. f6

LIVERMORE'S LECTURES. Lectures to young men on the cultivation of the mind, the formation of character and the conduct of life, by Rev. Abiel Abbot Livermore.

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WARE'S DISCOURSES. *In Press* and will be Published on the first of March, Discourses by Rev. H. Ware, Jr., forming vol. third of the works lately issued, and edited by Rev. Chandler Robbins, 12mo.

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

TO THE DEPARTED.

BY CHARLES H. HILDRETH.

Long years have passed and fled;—
I know that thou art dead,
Yet still I see thee wheresoe'er I go;
And the fast coming years,
Shall claim alike my tears,
Which to thy memory cannot cease to flow.

I was a little child,
Wayward, and fond, and wild;—
How kindly thou my childish sports didst lead!
Or pleased my simple ear,
With tales I loved to hear,
And bade me copy every generous deed.

Older I was—yet young,
When up thy spirit sprung
To dwell forever near the Throne of Light;
I was not near thy bed—
They told me thou wert dead,
And bitter tears I shed by day and night.

And since that sorrowing hour,
But once had I the power,
To look upon the spot where thou wert laid:
Kind hands had raised a stone,
And placed thy name thereon;—
The spot was holy where thy grave was made.

Cold was the Winter's snow;—
But thou wert buried low.
Nor recked it aught thy chill and silent breast.
I know that o'er thy grave
The summer leaves will wave,
And soft night-winds will rock the flowers to rest!

Oh! hadst thou lived—'twas thine,
The laurel wreath to twine,
And deck thy temples with its foliage dear;—
The cypress now must gloom
Above thy early tomb;
And there shall fall affliction's truest tear!

Warm suns, and winters cold,
Days, months and years have rolled,
Still to my heart thou seemest ever near.
Thou wilt not come to me,
But I shall go to thee;—
Oh! may I meet thee in the starry sphere.

There, by no pain oppressed,
Calm is thy gentle breast;
Thine eyes of beauty drink their fulness now;
Cometh no cloud of care
Over thy pathway there,
And bright the crown upon thy seraph brow.

[Written for the National Era.]

THE DAY THAT IS DAWNING.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

If the promise of the present;
Be not a hollow cheat,
If true-hearted men and women
Prove faithful and discreet,
If none falter who are hoping
And contending for the Right,
Then a time is surely coming,
As a day-beam from the night.

When the landless shall have foothold
In fee upon the soil,
And for his wife and little ones
Bend to his willing toil:

When the wanderer, no longer
In sorrow forced to roam,
Shall see around him spring and bloom
The blessed things of Home:

When the poor and widowed mother
Shall fit recompense obtain,
For her days and nights of toiling,
From the sordid man of gain:

When the brawny limbs of labor,
And the hard and horny hand,
For their strivings, for their doings,
Meet honor shall command:

When suffering hearts, that struggle
In silence, and endure,
Shall receive, unsought, the earnest
Ministrations of the pure:

When the master with this bondmen
For a prince shall divide the soil,
And the slave, at last enfranchised,
Shall go singing to his toil:

When the bloody trade of the soldier
Shall lose its olden charm,
And the sickle hand be honored more
Than the sword and the red right arm:

When tolerance and truthfulness
Shall not be under ban,
And the fiercest foe and deadliest
Man knows, shall not be man.

Be firm, and be united,
Ye who war against the wrong!
Though neglected, though deserted,
In your purpose still be strong!
To the faith and hope that move ye
In the things ye dare and do,
Though the world rise up against ye,
Be resolute—be true!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT.

A SKETCH FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

MORT. In faith he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read. [King Henry IV.

In looking down from the ladies' gallery on the troubled floor of the House of Representatives, one of the very first objects which attracts and fixes the attention of the observer, is the Old Man Eloquent. There he sits—so still and placid, his arms calmly folded, and his venerable head bent in meekness on his breast—an image of purity and honor, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation—a peaceful rock unmoved by the serges of an angry sea!

The general expression of the House, if one may so speak, is common-place enough. Intelligence, common sense and shrewdness meet your eye in every direction; but the number of strongly marked and striking heads is very small indeed. You are sensible, after the first glance, that you are looking upon just such an ordinary assemblage as might be made up of a like number of intelligent farmers, mechanics, and lawyers in any well-settled district of the Union—that is always excepting the ill-breeding and clamorous bustle and confusion. It is not strange, then, that the eye very soon singles out the subject of the present hurried sketch; and that to all visiting the gallery of the House, whether familiar with his venerable aspect or not, the Old Man Eloquent presents an object of the most earnest and respectful regard. But is any congregation of men, the sage would command this attention. His whole aspect wears that unmistakeable air, which betokens a man distinguished above his fellows. A noble head, almost entirely bald, and white and shining as polished Parian Marble—eyes that beam as brightly as half a century ago, but serene and clear as a river fount away among the hills—a mouth and chin whose every line evinces philosophic dignity and firmness, not unmingled with the gracious benignity of a loving heart—remind us of one of those immortal busts which have familiarized to our thoughts the form in which wisdom dwelt at Athens in the days of her unclouded intellectual glory, and fully assure us that we behold at least one fit representative of a free and sovereign people, in this latter day of more perfect light and liberty.

The last occasion on which the Old Man Eloquent addressed the House is not likely soon to be forgotten. It was on the last night of the session of 1845-46. The President had sent a message to Congress, asking an appropriation of two millions of dollars, to be placed entirely at the discretionary disposal of the executive, for the purpose, as he declared, of facilitating the negotiation of a peace with Mexico. A great deal of angry and irritating discussion of the subject had taken place in both Houses. The question of Slavery—of all subjects that can be debated in these halls, I need hardly say the most inflammatory—had been thrown into the arena, by the introduction of an amendment to the preamble of the bill, affixed by certain of the party, for the purpose of effecting certain objects aimed at by the Executive; and the feelings of members, on all sides of the House, were excited to the highest pitch. In vain did the Speaker exert himself to preserve the decorum of the House, at all times a difficult task, but now tenfold more arduous, in consequence of the exciting subject under consideration, and the lateness of the hour. The imperfect manner in which the hall was lighted, added to the confusion.—Some years ago, just a few moments after the House had adjourned, the immense and superb chandelier fell, with a terrible crash, breaking the desks in the centre of the hall into a thousand pieces, and shivering the glass in the windows like a discharge of artillery. The costly article of ornament and use has not been replaced, and when the House sits at night, the hall is lighted by placing a candle on every member's desk.—A somewhat singular effect is thus produced.—The hall looks something like a vast market place on a Saturday night, whilst the tumult of tongues does not by any means tend to dispell the illusion. Gallaries and lobbies are wrapt in gloom, and the dim obscure of the vast dome is spread out over all, like a mighty pall. All this, however, helps to heighten the effect of the specific illumination to which each countenance on the floor is subjected. The sickly glare of candlelight falling full upon a human face distorted by passion, certainly does not sweeten the expression; and on this occasion the fact was verified in two hundred and fifty instances. It was, indeed, one of the most interesting studies of the human visage, under the peculiar effect of candle-light, on a comprehensive scale, that I ever recollect being favored with, except in the case of a Scottish Presbyterian Synod, engaged at midnight in a fierce discussion anent the duty of the civil magistrate to punish heresy by the sword; in which case, I must admit, the glare appeared still more unearthly, and the general expression still farther removed from the angelic.

A noisy, spluttering, diminutive member from some obscure northern district, who, with hideous grimaces, had been speaking in a sort of dumb-show for the last ten minutes, nobody paying the least attention to him, and his poor, meagre, peevish little bit of a voice being utterly lost in the loud buzz of excited and angry conversation, the galleries chiming in their hoarse, sullen roar, had just taken his seat, when there was an instantaneous and absolute cessation of the mingled noise which had pervaded the hall the moment before, whilst a subdued murmer on the floor, and a sudden uprising and shuffling of feet on the galleries signified the occurrence of something unusual. I naturally turned my eyes in the direction of those around me, towards the side of the House where the Old Man Eloquent sits, and found, to my great satisfaction, that he had arisen, and was about to address the Chair. The old man leaned forward, with both hands upon his desk, and seemed to be more feeble than I had formerly supposed. A great many of the members had left their seats, and stood crowding around, whilst the small gallery to the left of the Speaker's chair, set apart for the short hand writers not far from which the old man's desk is placed, was so thronged with eager auditors, who had intruded themselves there in their anxiety to see and hear, that the reporters, were squeezed up against one of the massive columns, and there, with note books in their hands, obliged to make what shift they could to discharge their honorable duties. It was a good subject for a picture. They may place one less appropriate in the vacant panels of the Rotunda! The circling crowd of stalwart, stern faced men, all agitated by strong interest and emotion—the striking figure of the venerable speaker in the midst, strongly illumined by the light which seemed concentrated upon it—the fair forms bending anxiously downward from their elevated position over the Speaker's chair, listening anxiously—the throng which filled the large circular gallery seen still further in the distance—the figures slowly moving to and fro in the lobbies and in the deep recesses of the hall, (public claimants and office-seekers, almost goaded to desparation in finding their dreams still unfulfilled at the eleventh hour, and now dead to every thing but their own ill fortune, flitting about like conspirators in the growing darkness, and scowling upon the scene, as if it had something to do with their blasted expectations,)—the Speaker, not without an impressive dignity, leaning back in his chair, but with face turned in manifest respect to the aged orator—and the assistant clerks, half dead with the incessant application of the last week, gladly pausing in their labors, and listening too, but all looking—rostrum, desks, lamps, officials and all—as if they belonged to some other scene, so entirely did the interest and business of the hour seem concentrated immediately around the old man—the massive and noble architecture of the hall, rendered still more sombre and impressive by the uncertain light—all made up a spectacle of exciting interest and grandeur.

The old man commenced in a low and slightly broken voice, but he seemed quickly to gather strength as he proceeded, and in a few minutes, the indignant tone of his voice rang out sharp and clear like a pealing bell on a cold frosty morning, and were heard distinctly in the most distant part of the hall. With what bitter emphasis he dealt forth denunciations, which must, I am sure, have cut somewhere like a two-edged sword! The effect upon the features of one of his auditors I never will forget. This was a tall, dark-visaged man—a member—standing on the outside of the circle collected around the speaker. My attention had been arrested by the fixed fierceness of the gaze with which he regarded the old man from the moment he took up his position on the outskirts of the listening crowd. His countenance grew blacker every moment; and as the speaker became keener and keener in his merciless sarcasms, it assumed an expression so positively demoniac that I was shocked and startled! A cloak properly arranged, and the glittering of a poinard, would have made the fearful picture complete. But, too soon, loudly and heavily the hammer fell, and the old man, cut short in the middle of an impassioned appeal, instantly sunk into his chair, in a sudden and nervous manner, which struck me very disagreeably, and somehow conveyed an unpleasant impression, as if the speaker had felt himself sharply rebuked for some gross impropriety. As the venerable man resumed his seat, his attractive auditory on the floor quickly dispersed and returned to their places, whilst throughout the hall, in the lobbies and in the galleries, there was a simultaneous and general renewal of the buzz and murmur of conversation like the breaking forth of waters after the floodgates have been opened.

I looked in the papers for a report of the old man's speech. But I found only a meagre sketch; and, in truth, I did not much desire to have the impression written upon my own mind disturbed by any other memorial, however literally correct. Now, fresh in my recollection as the hour it was made, that speech of the Old Man Eloquent appears to me the solemn witness of a wise and just man to truths not yet, but to be hereafter, universally recognised. His venerable image rises up before me, and his words of rebuke and warning, the utterance of a spirit elevated above the miry ways of party politics, and undisturbed by the exhalations arising from worldly things, sound in my ears like those of a prophet risen from the dead!

If one train of thinking be more desirable than another it is that which regards the phenomenon of nature with a constant reference to a Supreme, Intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds is to have laid the foundation of everything which is religious. The world thenceforth becomes a temple and life itself one continual act of adoration. [Paley.

MR. JOSEPH BARKER AT NORTHAMPTON.

The recent visit of this eminent and successful advocate of scriptural truth, has given a powerful impulse to the spirit of religious inquiry in this town and neighborhood.

Mr. Barker, having preached at Coventry in the morning of Sunday last, the 29th ult., to an audience of above 700, preached at the Unitarian Chapel, Northampton, on the evening of the same day. In addition to our own congregation, there were present the members of Mr. Jefferson's congregation, (whose Chapel had been closed for the evening,) and a great number of strangers from other religious communities. Every part of the chapel was crowded. The devotional service was conducted by the Rev. W. A. Jones; and the Preacher delivered a discourse of extraordinary beauty, simplicity, and force, containing an earnest and powerful exposition of duty, founded upon Matt. v. 16.—"Let your light shine before men."

For several days an announcement had been very extensively circulated, that Mr. Barker would lecture on Monday and Tuesday evenings, in the New Hall, on "Primitive Christianity and Modern Orthodoxy Contrasted; more especially with regard to the Way of Salvation, the Doctrines of the Atonement, Original Depravity, &c." Accordingly, nearly 500 persons were assembled to hear the Lecture on the first evening; and this number was increased to above 900 on the second. The serious and earnest attention with which the audience listened to both lectures, was, at the same time, a striking tribute to the ability and success of the Lecturer, and a gratifying proof of the candor and liberality of the hearers, many of whom had, probably, never before heard the truth of their religious opinions called in question. Of the Lectures themselves, it is impossible to give anything like a faithful and adequate report. They possessed the rare and much-to-be-envied excellence, of being as much adapted to the most humble and uneducated, as to the refined and enlightened; and of being eminently instructive to both.

The interest of these meetings was greatly increased by the ready, clear and satisfactory answers which Mr. B. gave to the questions and objections raised by some orthodox friends, at the close of each Lecture. The opposition, which was intended to retard, served only to advance the cause advocated; and we have reason to believe, that a spirit of religious inquiry has been awakened, which must, eventually, bring about great changes in the faith and constitution of religious societies in this town.

Mr. Barker's visit has, likewise, brought to light some very gratifying evidences of the working of a like spirit in other parts of the country; especially in the town of Buckingham, and in the neighborhood of Machynlleth, North Wales. On Sunday, a party of young men, amounting to seven or eight, who have broken through the trammels of Orthodoxy, came all the way from Buckingham to Northampton, a distance of twenty miles, to hear Mr. Barker preach; and they returned home the same day, after the evening service. The short intercourse we had with these zealous and truth-loving believers, impressed us much in their favor, and gave us every reason to expect that the simple truths of Primitive Christianity will soon be firmly, if not extensively, established, even in the town of Buckingham. Their zeal has already been strengthened, and is likely to be still further confirmed, by the annoyances and persecutions to which their consistency had exposed them.

They were all, at one time, in Church Communion with a Baptist Society, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. F. Carryer, who, it would appear, was mainly instrumental in bringing about the change which has taken place in their religious views. Steps were taken to cause Mr. Carryer's removal: and the Church, not having the courage to incur the odium of expelling from Communion men of known integrity and acknowledged usefulness in the Sunday School, restored to what they call a "pious fraud"—they dissolved the Society, and then took care that the black sheep should not be re-admitted into the fold. Their limited means would seem, now, to be the only barrier to the establishment of a religious society at Buckingham, based on the broad and comprehensive principles of Church government which they now hold.

From the testimony of Mr. Griffiths Evans, a gentleman who lives in the neighborhood of Machynlleath, and who attended the Lectures, it would appear that there is a growing indisposition among the religious population of Merionethshire, to submit to creeds and forms of men's advice.

Mr. Evans himself, lectures on religious subjects, and devotes himself with much zeal to the cause of Simple Christianity. About twelve distinct Congregations have been formed, which recognize principles that will inevitably lead them in time to embrace the same religious views with the gentleman we have named, who clearly approximates to the faith of Unitarian Christians. "Verily the harvest is great; but the laborers are few." [Inquirer.

THE NOBLE COLORED SAILOR.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Mirror relates the following:

"Yesterday I went down to the Navy yard to see the wreck of the United States brig Washington. The raving of the wind and waves had indeed despoiled her of her fair proportions. There is a little incident connected with the melancholy event, which will be found of deepest interest. The whole crew, save four, (three of whom were the only ones on board who could not swim) were swept violently into the sea, but, with the exception of Lieut. Bache, and ten others, soon regained the vessel. Last among those who drew themselves dripping and almost exhausted out of the element, was a colored man from Annapolis, Maryland. As soon as he touched the deck, he inquired,

"'Where is Mr. Bache?'

"'I don't know,' said the man addressed.

"'Have any of you seen Mr. Bache?' persisted the earnest inquirer.

"'Yes,' said two or three, 'there he floats, half a mile below.'

"'Then I will try and save him,' rejoined the noble hearted fellow, plunging again into the briny wave, from which he was doomed, alas! never more to rise.

THE EMPEROR AND CHRYSOSTOM.

The emperor of Constantinople was mortally incensed against John Chrysostom. One day, inflamed with anger he exclaimed in presence of his court—"Would that I could revenge myself of that priest." Four or five of his courtiers assembled around him, ventured their opinion as to the manner in which his vengeance might be most effectually gratified. The first said exile him; the second, confiscate all that he possesses; the third, throw him into prison and load him with chains; the fourth, are you not all-powerful—is not his life at your command? Give instant orders for his death. A fifth, possessed of more penetration than the others, and not fearing his master's displeasure boldly said, "You are all mistaken; if you exile him, what do you gain? Is not the whole world his country! Confiscate his possessions, you but deprive the poor of them, not himself. Throw him in prison, he will bless his chains, and esteem it a privilege to suffer, 'Blessed are they that suffer persecution, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' If you condemn him to death, you unclose the gates of heaven to him. Prince, would you know the only sure means of revenge! Force him to commit a crime. I know him well; 'that man fears nothing except to sin.' 'Hic homo nihil timet nisi peccatum.' No—he fears neither exile nor the loss of property; neither chains nor torture of any kind. He fears but sin."

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

A gentleman in the vicinity of Clarendon-square, Somers-town, who died a few days since, being desirous to receive spiritual consolation according to the rites of the Established Church, sent, shortly before his death, to the residence of the district chaplain, to request the favor of his attendance; but the latter failing to appear, a second application was made at the same place, but with no better success. The verger of the chapel was then resorted to, who informed the messenger that the Rev. Mr. ——— had for some time past discontinued visiting the sick. The gentleman soon afterwards died without obtaining the religious succor he had desired. The chaplain is in receipt of a handsome stipend, and the affair has excited much interest amongst the parishioners in the neighborhood, from the apparent refusal to administer this solemn ordinance of the Church. [Globe.

SWISS SIMPLICITY AND INTEGRITY.

A peasant, named Frantz, came in one evening to look for Gasper, who was mowing a meadow, and said, "My friend is this my harvest! Thou knowest that we have a dispute about this meadow; to decide this question I have collected the Judges at Schwitz; come, then, to-morrow with me before them."

"Thou seest, Frantz, that I have mowed the meadow, I cannot be absent."

"And I cannot send away the Judges, who have fixed on this day; indeed we should have known to whom it belonged before it was mown."

They had some little controversy on the subject; but at last Gasper said, "I will tell thee what thou shalt do. Go to-morrow to Schwitz, give the Judges mine and thine, and I shall save the trouble of going myself."

On this agreement, Frantz went to plead for and against himself, and threw out the reasons on both sides as well as he could. When the Judges had decided, he went to Gasper, and said, "The meadow is thine, the sentence is in thy favor!"

DUTY FIRST.

A pious monk, one day when he had been unusually fervent in his devotions, found his darkened cell suddenly illuminated by an unearthly light, and there stood before him a vision of the Savior, his countenance beaming with godlike love, his hand outstretched with a gesture of kind invitation. At that same moment rang the convent bell, which called the monk, in the regular course of his duty to dirtribute alms to the poor at the gate. For an instant he hesitated: but the next instant found him, true to his vow of charity on his way to the gate. The poor relieved, the work of love complete, he returned in sadness to his cell, doubting not that the heavenly vision had taken flight. But, to his surprise and joy, it was still there, and with a smile even more full than before of divine beauty and ineffable love; and there came from it the words, —"Hadst thou staid, I had fled." [A. P. Peabody.

How sweet is the remembrance of a kind act. As we rest on our pillows, or rise in the morning, it gives us delight. We have performed a good deed to a poor man; we have made the widow's heart rejoice; we have dried the orphan's tears. Sweet, O how sweet the thought! There is a luxury in remembering a kind act.—A storm careers above our heads; all is as black as midnight; but the sunshine is in our bosoms; the warmth is felt there. The kind act rejoiceth the heart and giveth delight inexpressible.—Who will not be kind? Who will not do good? Who will not visit those who are afflicted in body or mind? To spend an hour among the poor and distressed,

Is worth a thousand passed
In pomp and ease—'tis present to the last.

There are no seasons when the Christian more heartily enjoys the luxury of communion with God than during those hours which begin with melancholy. They are indeed the soul's night-seasons; but they are like those glorious nights in our northern sky when the bright bow of God spans the firmament and floats among the stars, and the lambent fires from the horizon shoot up to meet it, and the whole heavens are telling of the glory of the Most High. [Christian Consolations.

PIPES FOR WATER CONVEYANCE. Sir Robert Peel declared his opinion, not long since in England, that *glass* water pipes would soon be laid down for the purest conveyance of water to the people. It is well known that water is poisoned by lead-pipes, and more than a year ago, we published certain articles in the Transcript, written by a respectable physician of this city against the use of that metal for water-pipes. It has generally been thought that the action of water on lead is owing to the presence in it of carbonic acid, which forms carbonate of lead, which is a soluble poison. A paper, however, has recently been read before the British Association of Arts and Sciences, which is much commended by a writer in the "Gardener's Chronicle," of London. Mr. Osborne, the chemist, and author of the paper referred to, shows that atmospheric air, even when free carbonic acid is absent, is a powerful solvent of lead, and that in some waters the evil is increased by the presence of chlorine, which forms a chloride of lead, another poisonous salt, soluble in water. It is, therefore, clear that lead pipes should never be employed for the conveyance of water to be consumed by man, beast, or plant. It is very true that water naturally impure—as for example, spring water impregnated with lime, is said not to act rapidly on lead, in consequence of its throwing down an earthy crust, which guards the lead from the solvent action of the water; but it is by no means clear that this preservation is as effectual as is supposed, and at all events it can only operate after a time. We therefore entirely agree in advising all persons to avoid the use of water brought through leaden pipes. Glass is quite unobjectionable, and iron nearly so. Green bottle-glass is cheaper than iron, and Mr. Osborne, as well as others, distinctly advises that it should be employed for purposes of conveyance. [Transcript.

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